HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VII.—No. 354.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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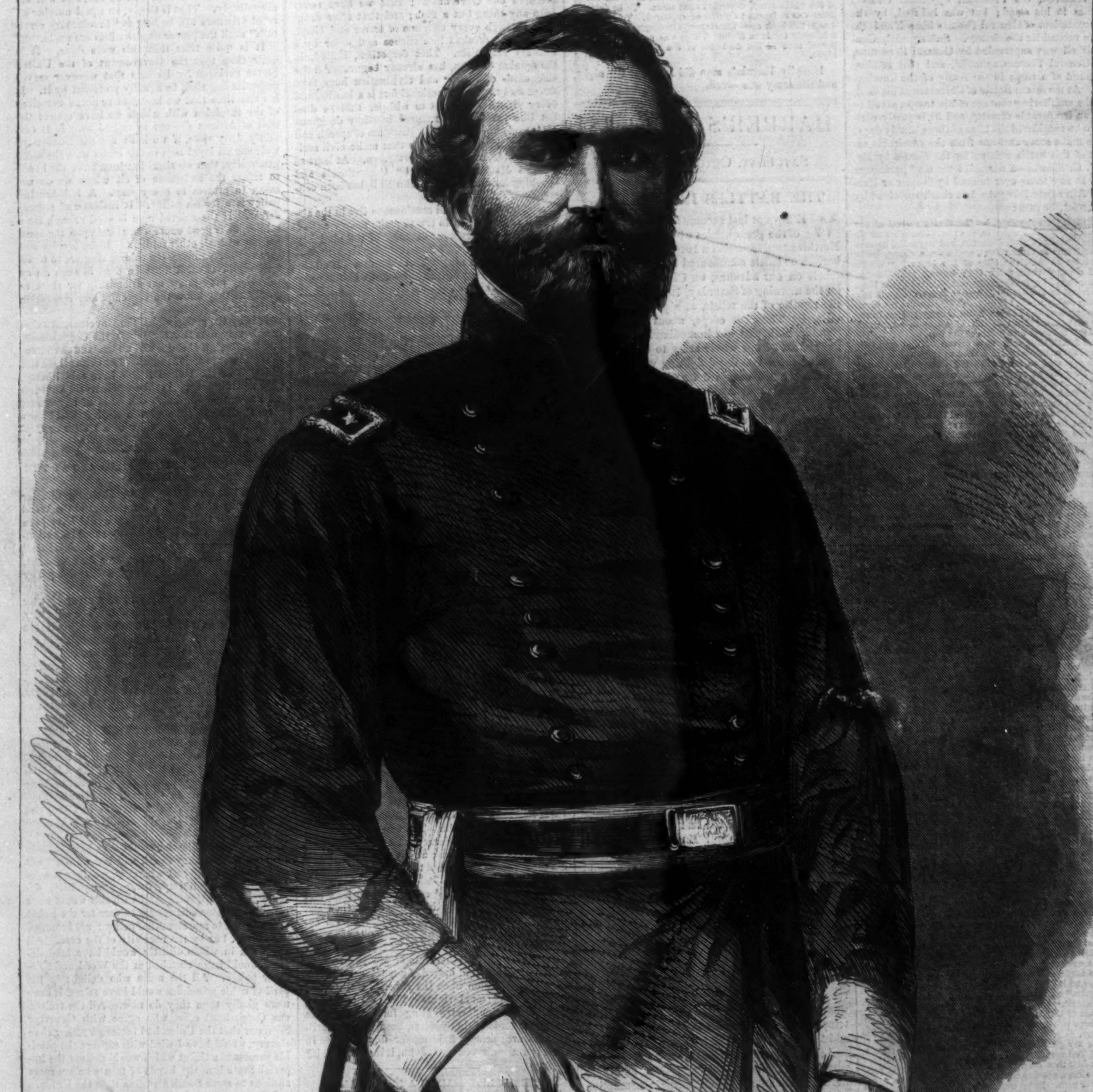


MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, U.S.A., THE HERO OF CHICAMAUGA.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS.

We publish on page 641 a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, the hero of the Battle of Chicamauga, or Chattanooga.

General Thomas was born in Southampton Co., Virginia, in July, 1816. He was appointed from that State to West Point in 1836, graduated on 1st July, 1840, and was appointed to the Third Artillery. In the following year he distinguished himself in the war against the Florida Indians, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for his gallantry. He accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, and at Monterey won the brevet rank of Captain. At Buena Vista, again, he distinguished himself nobly, and was brevetted Major. On the close of the war he returned home, and in 1850 assumed the responsible post of Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry at West Point. At the outbreak of the war Major Thomas was one of the few Virginians whose honor would not suffer him to rebel against his country's flag, and in May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry—the Colonel, Robert E. Lee, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, having joined the rebels. In August of the same year he received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and proceeded to the West, where for some time he had an independent command. It was he who, when all around seemed black and hopeless, restored joy to the hearts of loyal people by the victory of Mill Spring, in Kentucky, the first of that brilliant series of victories which ended with the seven days before Richmond. He was subsequently appointed to the command of a corps in Buell's army. When Buell fell into disgrace and was removed, the President appointed General Thomas in his stead; but was induced, by the representations of General Thomas himself and others, to reconsider the change. Subsequently General Buell was superseded by General Rosecrans, and General Thomas assumed, and still retains, command of a corps in the Army of the Cumberland. At the recent Battle of Chicamauga his skill, and the unfaltering courage of his troops, saved us from an irreparable disaster, and he is justly entitled to be considered the hero of those bloody days.

We make some extracts from the admirable account of this battle written for the *Herald* by Mr. W. F. G. Shanks—a narrative we may pronounce equal to any thing ever penned by Napier or Russell. After describing the first check sustained by Longstreet, he says:

> Their left thus repulsed, by the timely arrival of our reinforcements, the enemy in front of Thomas's four divisions (Brannan, Baird, Johnston, and Reynolds) became less persistent in their efforts, and upon a charge being ordered by Thomas, the élite of Lee broke. "Whenever I charged their flank they broke," said General Thomas, in talking it over afterward. Certainly the idea, as conveyed by the word "broke," does not convey to any mind the reality which I beheld. The General is not given to exaggeration, and I do not think it exaggeration in me to say that their retreat at this time was as complete a rout as this battle, or any battle of the war, has witnessed. For the fourth time they were driven over ground that they had thrice contested, at fearful cost; but their fourth repulse appeared to me to cost them more than all the rest. They fell at every step, mercilessly shot down, as they fled like sheep. The glory and renown of Longstreet had departed. Thomas pursued him for nearly a mile, driving him from every position which he assumed west of the creek, and forcing him beyond it in such great disorder that he was unable to recover from it during the day. The charge of that corps should go down to posterity in language that would insure the immortality of the story. Moving with admirable precision, yet with great rapidity, the line never wavered as the enemy, attempting to make a stand, would for a moment halt and turn upon the terrible line of leaping flame which pursued him. The incidents of that charge can not be told. A thousand are crowding the note-book of my memory; but I dare not stop now to tell how noble Birnaud and Ludlow and Fessenden, with thirty men and fifty horses killed, fell over their captured guns, nor how their battery was retaken, nor how the Sixteenth Infantry threw itself away against the wall of flame that licked it up till only one wounded captain and twenty men remained. I had seen two batteries fall into our hands and turned upon those who abandoned them, helping to strew the plain with their bodies. I can not now detail how volunteers and regulars vied with each other for the honor of the day. God knows they won glory enough to cover all. What else could they be but heroes with such a General as Thomas urging them forward?—he whom nothing could cheer more than the wild onset-cry of "Charge them!" ringing along his enthusiastic line, and flung as a defiance to the foe. On that field he at least had won victory; yet that day fame only sang the prelude to the hymn of praise that was his. On Saturday General Thomas stands forth the hero and the victor of the day: and while defeat stared at the broken right and centre, victory remained with the eagle of his blue battle-flag. On Sunday he is still the greater victor; for, where he had on Saturday routed a single corps, he repulses and checks the entire rebel army, and saves the Army of the Cumberland from irretrievable dishonor, and stands between it and ruin. Had Thomas broke as M'Cook and Crittenden had done, Bragg would have found no enemy between him and Nashville.

After describing the beginning of the second day's fight, he says:

> General Thomas, near the centre of the army, was engaged, about one o'clock, sitting on his horse in the hollow of a ridge in an open field behind Harker's brigade, busy watching a heavy cloud of dust in his rear, in such a direction that it might be General Granger with reinforcements, or it might be the enemy. It cast a cloud over his spirits which was plainly visible to one who observed him, as I confess I did that day, with ever-increasing admiration. The truth is, that General Thomas at one o'clock P.M., on the last day of this battle, had no disposition to fight any more, and feared the result of the next rebel attack. And so he watched with natural anxiety the development of the cloud of dust, which was then no more than a mile distant. If it dissolved to reveal friends, then they would be welcome; for at this hour fresh friends were all that was needed. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day was lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the "last square" on this battle-field to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die. There was no escape if the troops moving were, as it was feared, the cavalry of the enemy.
>
> "Take my glass, some one of you whose horse stands steady. Tell me what you see."
>
> In the dust that emerged, thick as the clouds that precede the storm, nothing could be distinguished but a moving mass of men. But it was seen that they were infantry. This information made Thomas breathe more freely. If infantry, it was much more likely to be Granger than the enemy. At this moment a tall officer, with the yellow straps of a captain of infantry, presented himself to General Thomas.
>
> "General," he said, "I am cut off from General Negley, and can not find him. I beg leave to report to you for duty, Sir, of any character."
>
> "Captain Johnston," said the General to the speaker (Captain Johnston, Second Indiana Cavalry, Inspector-General on General Negley's Staff), "ride over there, and report to me who and what that force is."
>
> In an instant Johnston was gone—gone upon a mission which proved itself to be a more dangerous one than any of us supposed. As he emerged slowly from a dense foliage of willows growing about a narrow stream in the rear we heard the report of several rifles, and saw him halt for a second, and then, dashing spurs to his horse, disappear in a thick wood in the direction of the coming mass of troops still enveloped in clouds of dust. In a few minutes he again emerged from this timber, and following him came the red, white, and blue crescent-shaped battle-flag of Gordon Granger. We had wished for night, and it was Blucher who had come to us. At a quarter past one Steadman first, and Gordon Granger afterward, had wrung the hand of the statue Thomas, who had gone all through the terrible scenes of the last two days' battle to be melted and moved at this hour. As Granger came up I felt that from the face of the heavens a great cloud had passed, and the sun was shining once more upon us as with the same benignant rays of former victories.

Of the close of the day's work he says:

> Just behind Harker's brigade, posted in the key of the position, there was a slight hollow in a large open field, in which were still standing about a dozen dead trees. In this deflection of the field, at the time the last fight of Sunday began, there were gathered together Generals Thomas, Gordon Granger, Garfield, Wood, Brannan, Steadman, Whittaker, and Colonel Harker. As the fight opened, Harker and Wood ran up the hill to their brigade and division, both being the one and the same. Steadman, Brannan, and Whittaker, rode off to join their commands. Garfield continued to indite his dispatch. Granger and Thomas remained, the latter on his horse, his arms folded, listening to the awful fire that soon raged along the line with the coolness of assured victory or the calmness of despair. His lips were compressed. His eyes glanced from right to left as the shell and canister exploded about the field, and once I saw him, just as the fight opened, most furiously glance up at a large, beautiful white pigeon or dove which alighted upon a dead tree above him and watched the battle from her dangerous nest. The representative man of that line, in unfaltering courage (Thomas), may be also said to have represented by his thoughts at that moment the thoughts of all. Watching him, we could see his anxiety at the reflection that if that line did not stand all would be lost; and each and every man there knew that the safety of themselves, but more the safety of the whole army, depended upon them. To be defeated there was to be cut to pieces or captured. To be routed was to fall back upon Chattanooga in disgrace, to be ignominiously taken in flight. There was no help to be expected save in the darkness of the slowly approaching night.

Happily Thomas's men did hold out till night, and the army was saved.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

THE BATTLES IN GEORGIA.

WE have at last accounts, oral and written, of the great battles which were fought in Northwestern Georgia on 19th and 20th September. The battle commenced by an attack of the rebels on our advance, on Chicamauga Creek, on the morning of Saturday, 19th; it ended with the repulse of the rebels, at a point near Rossville, by Thomas's corps, about nightfall on Sunday, 20th, and was immediately followed by the retreat of our whole army to Chattanooga. During these two days' fighting we lost all the ground we had occupied between Chattanooga and Chicamauga; some ten thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing; and a number of guns, by some estimated as high as fifty. The rebel loss in guns was considerably less than ours; in men probably considerably more. They gained possession of the battle-field. But they did not gain possession of Chattanooga, and as there is good reason to believe that this was the object of their attack, they must be pronounced to have failed in their purpose.

Chattanooga, besides being a naturally strong place, and suitable for a dépôt of supplies, a negro recruiting station, and a general *point d'appui* for future operations in Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, is so far the key to Northern Mississippi and Alabama that, so long as we hold it as well as the Mississippi, we actually hold military possession of that section of country, and cut off all communication between the northern portion of the Gulf States and Virginia and North Carolina. It is, moreover, within striking distance, at Atlanta, of the only other railway line between those Gulf States and the rebel States on the Atlantic. So long as the United States hold Chattanooga, the only communication between Mississippi and Alabama on the one hand, and Virginia and the Carolinas on the other, is liable at any moment to be severed as completely as Grant's victories on the Mississippi have divided Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas from the rest of the Slave Confederacy. Why General Bragg evacuated so vital a point as this—a point which we had been repeatedly assured would never be given up, and could be held indefinitely—we shall not know until the history of the war comes to be written. There may be some truth in the newspaper stories of the demoralization of Bragg's army. It may be, as asserted in some quarters, that Rosecrans had succeeded in flanking the place and threatening Bragg's communications. However this be, it is plain that the only thing for the rebels to do after we had got into Chattanooga was to drive us out of it—or perish. They attempted to drive us out in the battles of the 19th and 20th, and they have failed.

At latest accounts Rosecrans was undisturbedly fortifying himself at Chattanooga, and there were no indications of an immediate resumption of the fight. It stands to reason, however, that the struggle will be renewed at a very early day. If the rebels can not retake Chattanooga the Confederacy is gone. We may take for granted that Jeff Davis is sending every available man from Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama to the scene of conflict, with the intention of crushing out Rosecrans's army, and restoring the communication between the Gulf and the Atlantic States. It is likewise safe to assume that our Government is following the example, and that immense bodies of troops are pouring down toward Chattanooga from every military station at the North. Thus the issue would seem to be one of time. If Rosecrans can not hold out at Chattanooga until his reinforcements arrive, the whole of the Southern army will presently be in Chattanooga, and marching Northward through Tennessee; if he can hold out a few days only he will have force enough to offer Bragg battle with advantage, and can proceed at his leisure to occupy Atlanta, and give the death-blow to the empire which it was proposed to erect upon the corner-stone of slavery.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL IN DIXIE.

JOHN BULL in the loyal States is an epitome of Great Britain. He sniffs and sneers and scolds; depreciating every national success, and delighting in rebel advantages. That our Government is an absurdity, that the Union is hopelessly gone, that the breeders of babies for sale are the only gentlemen in the land, and that all American things are loose, shiftless, vulgar, and repulsive, is John's profound conviction, which he does not affect to conceal. The war, of course, he regards as fratricidal and foolish. He informs us that we have no right, upon our own confessed principles, to try to preserve our Government; that we have never been any thing but a mob; and that after dragging through every extreme of terror and blood, we shall be crushed into silence and order by a military despotism. That despotism, indeed, in the opinion of John, has already begun. All the safeguards of liberty and civilization have been swept away. Every national fort is a bastile, and every citizen who dares to whisper that he does not like the war is immured in slimy dungeons with toads and bats, [illegible] freedom of speech and the press, all the guarantees that make civil society tolerable, are utterly overthrown. At least so Charles Mackay, inspired by Copperheads and speaking for the true-blue John Bull, has been constantly insisting.

Meanwhile John Bull continues to live in the abhorred country, and to try to make money out of the vulgar and ignorant devotees of the almighty dollar. But his continued residence is a permanent refutation of his perpetual slander. If all the John Bulls among us really thought what they say they think, they would do exactly as Mr. R. R. Belshaw, a fellow Bull lately of Montgomery, Alabama, did. He tells his story on the 5th of September to Lord Russell.

In 1859 he went to Montgomery and engaged in business. The war came, and his employés went. He immediately began to close up, but found it impossible, "in consequence of non-payment of debts," a chronic difficulty among "the gallant people," who are the only gentlemen, etc. Last February Mr. Belshaw was arrested as a conscript in his own house, conveyed to the guard-house, kept three days, and released. Notwithstanding his subsequent production of a consular certificate of nationality, he was again seized and hurried off to General Bragg's camp at Tullahoma. Several other British subjects were "forwarded under guard, in chains, with heavy iron collars riveted on their necks." They were put into the guard-house, "a filthy den," and invited to volunteer for the great and glorious cause of women-whipping. They naturally declined. After a few more solicitations, which they did not accept, they were put into the camp of the First Louisiana. Mr. Belshaw refused to do duty, "in obedience to the Queen's proclamation," and was thereupon incontinently "bucked" in front of General Bragg's head-quarters. Another refusal brought further "bucking," with pails of water "thrown over some of us." Continued obstinacy caused him to be tied up by the thumbs, while he saw another of the Queen's subjects held head downward in a tank of water three times until almost drowned. "The punishment of slaves has been inflicted upon us, with a full knowledge of our nationality, in broad daylight, and within a few yards of General Bragg's head-quarters, in the presence of at least fifty or a hundred spectators." He appealed to a trial. It cost him four thousand dollars, and he lost his case. He was adjudged liable to serve. Then he paid three thousand more for a substitute, but was presently summoned again. Thereupon the luckless Belshaw left the Confederacy, at a further expense of three thousand dollars; and is more indebted for his escape to his sister than to the money. In conclusion he calls upon M'lud Russell for indemnification for three months' continuous outrage and imminent risk of life, with the loss of ten thousand dollars, and the damage to his business from enforced absence.

Why should not the John Bulls resident in New York invite their brother, late of Montgomery, to justify their constant hatred of our Government by a little expatiation upon the superior civility and respect for personal rights which distinguish a "gallant nation," struggling for independence against a horde of tin peddlers, headed by a Gorilla, who are meanly fighting for dominion? If there is one thing you hate, John, it is cant, isn't it?

THE REBEL ILIAD IN A NUT-SHELL.

THE Richmond *Dispatch*, commenting upon the late battle in Georgia, puts the rebel Iliad in a nutshell. "Unless, however, he [Rosecrans] be driven across the river, our late victory will have been of no value."

That is the truth concisely told. For what, in that case, will have been gained to the rebel cause by Bragg's advantage? Some guns—nothing more. There has been a battle. The loss on both sides is great. The armies withdraw. If, then, there is no reoccupation of territory, the only question is which of the combatants could best afford to lose men. How many such battles could the rebels safely fight? In the condition to which they have been reduced a barren victory is necessarily a disaster. Consequently, although Bragg claimed a "complete victory" and "a rout" of the enemy, the wiser rebels, who have been disciplined by the dispatches of Beauregard, declared that they waited to see Chattanooga retaken before they gave way to joy.

Should any disaster befall Burnside, or Rosecrans be compelled to abandon Chattanooga and retire northward, the rebels may justly claim a decided advantage. Any thing short of this is a disaster for them. Bunker Hill never ranked high among British victories, although the Americans withdrew. The battle near Ringgold will not save the falling cause of treason and slavery if General Rosecrans should justify his words that he can not be driven from his position.

HEARTS AND FACES.

IT is known that officers and men of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth Regiment were captured in the assault upon Fort Wagner of the 18th July. Beauregard's chief of staff has reported to Commissioner Ould, who, in turn, reported to Commissioner Meredith that no such persons were found. It is now understood that General Gilmore has been directed to make a demand for an account of their present condition upon Beauregard, and in case of any dodging upon the rebel side the Government will presume that the rebel threats against the prisoners have been carried out, and will act accordingly. That is to say, an equal number of rebel prisoners will be held to "involuntary servitude" until the proper explanations are made.

It is quite time that this were done. It is quite time that the Government of the United States declared by its acts that whoever serves under its flag shall be equally protected by it. It is quite time that we hastened to purge ourselves of the suspicion with which we have taught the men of African descent to regard us. It is certainly fully time, if we have not the heroism to welcome all loyal men to our ranks with the same generosity, that we should at least have the honor to refuse the assistance of all whom we do not mean to protect in every way. A half-hearted policy is a foolish policy. It invites and secures defeat. If the colored man is good enough for a soldier, he is good enough to stand upon the same footing with all other soldiers. If the loyalty and love of liberty among the colored men are to be effectively invoked, it must be done in such a way that they may know our friendship for them as surely as they know the contempt and oppression of the rebels.

It is by the action which the Government takes in this very case that the rebels, the Copperheads, and our foreign enemies will understand our intention and our conscious force. Let them all see and feel that as the United States have said liberty, they mean liberty. Let the whole world know, as we know, that the heart and hand of any brave, earnest, devoted citizen are a thousand-fold more precious to us than the color of a traitor or Copperhead face.

REBEL VICTORIES IN THE FIELD AND AT THE POLLS.

IF we had heard of some overwhelming disaster to the army of Rosecrans the chances of the Wood and Seymour ticket in this State would have been greatly increased. Why? Why should a national misfortune be of good augury to a political party? If we look at this question for a moment, the true character of the anti-administration policy will appear.

The immediate consequence of a great disaster would be despondency and doubt. The old story that the rebels could not be beaten, despite all that we have done, and the national flag floating in every State, would be repeated with exultation by the frank, and with professions of profound sorrow by the sly, Copperheads. The imminence of European intervention would have been lugubriously pressed. Mr. Fernando Wood would have demurely suggested that it is clear we must agree to compromise. Mr. Benjamin Ditto would have chuckled that we had got to let 'em go. And all the Copperhead organs would have asked if it were not sufficiently clear that the policy of the Administration was ruining the country, and that nothing but Tom Seymour in Connecticut, Horatio Seymour in New York, Vallandigham in Ohio, and M'Clellan in the field, could possibly save the country.

The effect of a disaster would thus have been to increase the tendency to ask whether we must not make peace at any cost whatever, whether it were honor, security, liberty, future tranquillity, decency, or self-respect. And with this would have come the greater willingness to vote for the ticket that was felt to represent that policy; not in terms, not openly, but by the necessity of the case. All the weak in whom disaster would have bred despair would have clutched at the Wood and Seymour policy. All the mean who delight in the peril of noble principles would have seized it even more gladly than they do now. All the traitorous Copperhead crew who agree with Governor Seymour that the Union had better go rather than slavery, would have hailed with rapture the possible success of a ticket which would deliver the imperial State into the hands of men who are more anxious to serve South Carolina than the Union.

It is because rebel victories in the field and Copperhead victories at the polls are thus substantially identical, that the destruction of Rosecrans would have helped defeat the Union ticket in this State.

BRITANNIA AND RAMS.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, who, under the signature "Historicus," has written some most unanswerable letters upon international questions to the London *Times* in a spirit friendly to this country, has recently stated very clearly the position which England truly occupies in the rebel ram question.

That they are building for a belligerent government he thinks will hardly be questioned. But the main object of their building, he agrees with Mr. Dayton, is not their direct use as weapons, but the indirect mischief which their sailing will produce between England and America. In other words, it is an effort to do exactly what the Foreign Enlistment Act declares that it was drawn to prevent—namely, to entangle neutral England with a belligerent. But, he says, if Great Britain found France conspiring with smugglers to defraud the British revenue laws, she would know how to deal with the case very suddenly and summarily. So in this case the British Government should say to the rebel belligerent: "You know our laws, and if you seek to violate them, no matter whether directly or indirectly, openly or by fraudulent contrivances, we will hold you responsible and make you answerable for the offense."

And this should be said to it, he argues, not as a Government but as a recognized belligerent. Its guilt would be established by the passing of the rams into its hands by any "colorable transfers." The measures of redress would be acts of reprisal and of hostility.

Nothing can be simpler or more conclusive than this view. But Britain has no wish to be impartial. She affects impartiality hoping that such a position will produce the catastrophe she desires. We say affects, deliberately, because while her ministers and most of her leading papers were continually exclaiming that British laws should not be changed at the will of a belligerent, they quietly winked at the breaking of those laws by the other belligerent. Now that it is palpably dangerous to continue this game, Britannia ruefully abandons it. She revokes, but not until she has revealed the full value of her honor, friendship, and impartiality.

LITERARY.

"Eleanor's Victory," by M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. (Harpers), is the last novel, just issued, of the most popular novelist of the moment. She is, we believe, usually writing two novels at a time, all of which are read, and some are dramatized simultaneously in England, France, and America. It is an astonishing popularity, for the secret of which the books are explored in vain. A startling plot, and continuous movement, developed with no remarkable constructive or literary skill, but with more than ordinary interest, characterize these stories. Yet their great and undoubted popularity awakens a curiosity which can only be satisfied by reading.

"A French Reading Book," by William I. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages, in Madison University (Harpers), is unquestionably the best work of its kind. It is divided into two parts, with a vocabulary at the end, and it introduces the student to the best French literature and its masters. The first part consists of a variety of brief and characteristic selections from the most eminent older and modern authors; and the second part contains what the editor calls "the most perfect specimens of French composition." These are the Phedra of Racine, the ninth satire and epistle of Boileau, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme of Molière, and the Zäire of Voltaire. It is a most excellent and convenient class-book, legibly printed and neatly bound.

A SWORD AND A GOWN.

All England is laughing at Mr. Guy Livingston Lawrence. This worthy came over here, bringing a large pair of riding-boots, and a solemn resolve to offer his sword to the gallant, etc., etc., traitors. He has written a novel called "Sword and Gown;" and failing to be impressed by his noble intention, the London wags said, "H-m-m—yes—offer his sword; and what will he do with his gown?" The very silly young gentleman arrived, ate canvas-back duck in Baltimore, flirted with the lovely ladies of that city, and astonished them by his equestrian performances in the celebrated boots, which, he assures us, had been paid for. When he was tired of singing with the Maryland belles of the despot's heel which was on their shore, he tried to pass into the lines of the enemy of this country, and, having escaped the gowns, to draw his sword against American citizens fighting for their country and government against a horde of slave-drivers. The Government contemptuously took him by the nape of the neck, locked him up, and then told him to run home and keep out of mischief. Spite of his formidable boots and biceps, the pitiful amateur rebel hastened to swear, and running home, now turns about and blackguards us, while England laughs still more heartily at his return than it did at his going forth.

Mr. Guy Livingston, having ludicrously failed with the "Sword," should at once betake himself to the "Gown," and a very long one—long enough to hide the boots. "I like not when a 'oman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under her muffler."

FROM PRIVATE P.

Dear Lounger,—Shall we whip or be whipped? That is the question for all of us nowadays. But behind that, giving significance to victory or defeat, is another. Shall principle or prejudice be our standard? Here are some millions of persons of a peculiar class, who, for a few centuries past, have held peculiar relations to our peculiar class, and the relations have now to be readjusted either on the old basis or a new.

The old relation has been that of a subject to a dominant race—the lower hated and oppressed by the upper with an intensity and activity that have seldom been equaled. The relation has been maintained by all the force of statute and compact, political intrigue, and social ostracism. In the South oppression has gone as far as it *could* go, and made property of its victims. In the North it has been still more atrocious. The North has recognized and co-operated with the Southern dictum, and has added to it the bitterness of malignant and unreasoning prejudice.

This old relation, like most others among us, has now its foundations unsettled, and the question is, Shall we settle them back in their old positions and re-establish the old matters upon them with new strength, or shall we clean them out utterly and establish a new relation securely founded in justice and equity and redeemed honor? In other words, shall we perjure ourselves, or shall we keep our faith?

The initial act of our national existence pledged us to accept equality of rights for all innocent men as the fundamental principle of our national existence. The machinery which was adopted to carry the nation forward had this principle for its motive power. We have accepted the principle as our fathers declared it, and have reiterated it on our own responsibility, in every tone, to every quarter of earth and heaven. We are sworn in every way, save by our history, to faithfully embody it. Shall we keep our oath?

"Why," says Seyless, "do you know what you are doing? You're running into abolitionism and nigger equality. These men are *niggers!*"

"That has nothing to do with the case. These men are men, and our oath applies to men, not Caucasians."

"But these men are *niggers*, I tell you! Shall we have the niggers running around here loose, putting on style, living among us, voting against us, and working with us? *I* don't want the niggers cutting up in any such way."

"That's it. You state your side of the question fairly. Your likes and dislikes are on one side, and our oath and national principle are on the other. Which shall rule? Prejudice? Whose? I don't know why yours should have more authority than mine. You dislike negroes; I dislike red-headed people. You don't want a negro for a neighbor; I don't want a member of the brass band. You don't want a negro working beside you; I don't want a man who chews tobacco. Suppose you and I enforce our prejudices. Then suppose every other man enforces his prejudices, what will become of us? The fact is, Seyless, this matter is not to be decided by your likes or my dislikes. We have no resource left, in honor or righteousness, but to decide on principle. We have sworn always by the Declaration of Independence, and we must redeem ourselves, if at all, by honoring it practically."

"Nigger equality. There it is, Sir."

Yes, there it is. It must be manhood, not color, that shall adjust the scale of relations among us. We must treat men as *men*, not as blacks or whites. If a man, whatever his color, proves himself unworthy to exercise the rights of a man he must forfeit them. Till that is the case, every man, whatever his color, must be allowed to use his prerogatives. The test must be character, not features. Grant that all Seyless can say against the negro is true; what then? He (the negro, not Seyless) is a *man*, and as such must be disposed of. He is entitled to a man's chances and a man's responsibilities, a man's rewards and a man's punishments.

What other adjustment is worthy of Americans, save an adjustment on the Declaration of Independence? We prate in every speech and every newspaper of possessing the only land on God's earth where principle is the policy; where true ideas are the true interests of the Commonwealth; where the national grandeur is only the aggregate of individual prosperities, and the national glory is but the radiance of universal equality. How long shall we heap up shame by keeping all this a lie? Is it worth while to make ourselves utterly false in the sight of God and man that we may indulge a cowardly, paltry, imbecile dislike to the fibre of certain hair, or the color of certain skins, or the shape of certain feet?

It will cost us all many an unpleasant qualm and many an inconvenient effort to submit to the arrangement of matters on the basis of right instead of prejudice, but so it does to submit to the enforcement of principle in any shape. We will have to put up with our inconveniences. We suffer terribly in every vital part now, that our principles may not be dishonored by others. Shall we not suffer trivially in our prejudices that our principles may not be dishonored by ourselves?

Private P.

Camp Douglas, Chicago, Illinois.

A NEW THING FOR SMOKERS.

What my Uncle Toby would have said to the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," which he would have found at 429 Broadway, it is not easy to imagine. But King James I., who hated tobacco and Puritans, would have blown a "counterblast" against it as a vile Yankee invention by which the sinful smoker carries his pouch and pipe and matches all together in one convenient case, and fills his pipe by pulling a wire before opening the case, and cleans it thoroughly by the simplest contrivance, so that at last he is tempted to declare, as he clasps the case and slips it away in his pocket, that smoking is now made easier and pleasanter than ever before.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Hooker left Washington on 28th to enter on active service. Major-General Butterfield, it is said, will continue to be General Hooker's Chief of Staff.

Major-General Sickles was serenaded on 26th at Philadelphia, at the Continental, by Birgfeld's band. The General appeared on crutches and addressed the crowd, returning thanks for the compliment, and expressing his determination to remain in the field as long as a rebel bearing arms remained, as he was enlisted for the war.

General Grant has recovered sufficiently to be removed to Vicksburg, and left New Orleans for that place on 16th, accompanied by Adjutant-General Thomas. It will be some time before he can resume active duty.

Brigadier-General Robert Anderson, U.S.A., has been ordered before the Army Retiring Board, and it is expected that he will be retired from active service, as, since the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in 1861, he has not been equal to the fatigue and excitement incidental to service in the field.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, who was promoted from a Captaincy for his bravery and for capturing Jeff Davis's dispatches to General Lee at the battle of Gettysburg, has been ordered to report to the Secretary of War, as his wound will not enable him to take the field at present.

Colonel Washington Sewall, U.S.A., has left for San Francisco, California, where he will report to General Wright for duty.

Major-General Slocum is said to have tendered his resignation, and it is rumored that Major-General Howard will do likewise.

It is stated that the resignation of General Burnside has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, of the Twelfth Loyal Virginia Infantry, is now treated as a traitor by the rebels, and imprisoned in a felon's dungeon at Richmond. The rebel authorities have been notified that a rebel prisoner of equal rank will be subjected to similar treatment unless he be at once put on the same footing with other prisoners of war.

The sentence of death in the case of Private James Vaughan, Company B, Thirteenth Ohio Volunteers, convicted of desertion, has been commuted to confinement for three months at hard labor, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances due or to become due until the expiration of his sentence.

Dr. Alexander M'Donald and the Rev. Mr. Scandlin, of the Sanitary Commission, held as prisoners in Richmond, arrived at Washington last week, state that the report that Captains Flynn and Sawyer had been executed is untrue. They were treated with great inhumanity at first; but when the rebels learned that General W. H. Lee and Captain Winder were held as hostages, they were removed from the dungeons in which they had been placed by the rebels, and now have the same privileges as other Union officers.

In the case of Captain William Woodbury, Second Minnesota Volunteers, convicted of using disloyal language and insubordination, the sentence of dismissal from the United States service has been commuted to forfeiture of three months' pay.

First Lieutenant Merrill Hicks, Fourth Kentucky Volunteers, and Captain Adam Hartman, Company G, Twelfth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, have both been cashiered the service—the former for being absent without leave and the latter for embezzling public property.

Private Dennis M'Carty, Company B, Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, having been convicted of a deadly assault upon a fellow-soldier and violently assailing his Sergeant, has been sentenced to be shot, and the sentence has been approved by the President.

Captain Oliver Cotter, Fifth New York Artillery, convicted of fraud in the matter of musters, has been dismissed the service.

Brigadier-General Frazer and one hundred and sixteen rebel officers, captured at Cumberland Gap by General Burnside, have arrived at Johnson's Island.

On the 2d of July, General Charles H. Graham was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg. By slow and painful stages he was taken to Richmond, where he remained until recently, when he was exchanged and sent to our lines. His arrival here last week was made memorable by a party of prominent citizens, who extemporized an excursion in honor of the event.

The following are among the naval orders recently issued:

Captain Charles S. Boggs, detached from the *Sacramento*, sick and awaiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander Joseph E. DeHaven, detached from the *Penobscot* and ordered to the command of the *Sebago*.

Lieutenant-Commander R. B. Lowry, detached from the *Metacomet* and ordered to the command of the *Tacony*.

Lieutenant-Commander James E. Jewett, detached from the *Sebago* and ordered to the command of the *Metacomet*.

Lieutenant-Commander Oscar F. Stanton, detached from the *Tioga*, on her arrival at New Orleans, and ordered to the command of the *Pinola*.

Lieutenant-Commander A. E. K. Benham, ordered to the command of the *Penobscot*.

Trusten Polk, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, and his wife and two daughters, were made prisoners on the 11th ult., at Bolivar Landing, Arkansas. Polk held the rank of Colonel in the rebel army, and has been serving as Judge-Advocate-General under Holmes.

Lieutenant-Commander M'Cann, detached from the command of the gun-boat *Hunchback*, is ordered to the command of the *Kennebec*.

Government has received intelligence that Colonel Streight and all his officers and men have been removed from Georgia dungeons to Richmond, and are now treated as other prisoners of war. This change in their condition has been wrought by retaliatory measures adopted by our Government. John Morgan will be held for exchange for General Neal Dow.

General M'Clellan arrived at Philadelphia on 29th ult., and was serenaded at the residence of his mother, on Spruce Street, above Nineteenth, in the presence of a large crowd of his admirers and friends. He returned thanks for the compliment in a neat address.

Colonel Loomis, of the celebrated "Loomis Battery," has received a dispatch from Chattanooga stating that the five guns of his battery, which were captured by the enemy in the early part of the battle of Chattanooga, were recaptured before the battle was over.

The War Department has ordered a Court of Inquiry to investigate the conduct of Generals M'Cook and Crittenden in the late battles near Chattanooga.

The fleet of foreign naval vessels in our harbor was reinforced on 29th by the arrival of three English and two French steam-ships of war. The English vessels are the *Nile*, line-of-battle ship, from Halifax; *Immortalité*, frigate, from Bermuda; *Nimble*, dispatch boat, from Halifax. The French vessels are the *Guerriere*, frigate, from Halifax; and the steam-frigate *Bellone*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Dispatches have been received from General Rosecrans which state that he is all right in a natural strong-hold, from which he can not be removed. Also, that the enemy has made no attack since the 21st ult.

Quarter-master-General Meigs arrived at Rosecrans's head-quarters on 26th ult., and upon invitation examined the position of the army. He declared that it can not be taken short of a regular siege, which Bragg does not seem to be attempting.

THE LATEST REBEL ACCOUNTS.

A dispatch, dated Atlanta, Georgia, Saturday, September 26, says:

Several trains with wounded and prisoners have arrived.

Reports of the condition of affairs above are conflicting. We are inclined to believe that the enemy are fortifying Chattanooga. Our lines are within four miles of that place. There was no fighting yesterday.

General Rosecrans has sent in two flags of truce, asking permission to bury their dead and relieve their wounded. General Bragg rejected both of them.

THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.

A Nashville dispatch says: Trains from the front are bringing in wounded men and Confederate prisoners. Up to date about 1300 rebels have arrived here, among them Colonel J. J. Scales, Thirtieth Mississippi regiment; Major J. C. Davis, Eleventh Tennessee; and Major W. D. C. Floyd, of M'Nair's brigade; together with five Captains and eighteen Lieutenants. Among the Captains is E. D. Sayres, Chief Engineer of Polk's corps.

Over 5000 wounded have reached here since Wednesday. The churches and halls, vacated some weeks since by our sick and wounded, are again taken for the same purpose.

Communication by telegraph has not yet been opened with Chattanooga. Guerrillas are very numerous near Columbia.

Major Fitzgibbon, of the Fourteenth Michigan, arrived here to-night with thirty-eight prisoners—among them one Captain and two Lieutenants of Wheeler's staff. He reports all quiet in front. Our forces were still fortifying.

BRAGG'S REPORTS.

Chickamauga River, *Sept* 20 via Ringgold, *Sept.* 21.

To General S. Cooper, A. and I. General:

After two days' hard fighting we have driven the enemy, after a desperate resistance, from several positions, and now hold the field, but he still confronts us.

The losses are heavy on both sides, especially so in our officers.

We have taken over twenty pieces of artillery, and some twenty-five hundred prisoners.

Braxton Bragg, General.

Ten Miles South of Chattanooga,
Via Ringgold, Sept. 21, 1863.

To General Cooper:

The enemy retreated on Chattanooga last night, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. His loss is very large in men, artillery, small-arms, and colors. Ours is heavy, but not yet ascertained.

The victory is complete, and our cavalry is pursuing.

With the blessing of God our troops have accomplished great results against largely superior numbers.

We have to mourn the loss of many gallant men and officers. Brigadier-Generals Preston Smith, Helm, and Deshler are killed; Major-General Hood and Brigadier-Generals Adams, Gregg, and Brown wounded.

Braxton Bragg.

THE LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

From Charleston advices to the 26th have come to hand. General Gilmore was still engaged getting siege guns into position. Stormy weather had prevented operations on the part of the navy.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All was quiet in front of the Army of the Potomac at latest dates.

CAVALRY AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

There have been several cavalry encounters during the past few days between the advance forces of the armies in Virginia. On 22d a very spirited affair occurred three miles beyond Madison Court House, where General Buford encountered a strong force of the enemy's troopers, driving them across the Rapidan, after killing several and taking 45 prisoners. Another affair occurred also on the same day near Rockville, Upper Maryland, between a body of rebel cavalry and a portion of Scott's Nine Hundred and some infantry, in which the rebel loss was 34 killed and wounded. Our casualties in these affairs were trifling. The guerrillas seem to have been extraordinarily alert in their operations.

AFFAIRS IN EAST TENNESSEE.

General Burnside has appointed General Carter Provost Marshal of East Tennessee, and the latter outlines his policy in an order under date of Sept. 12. He says that it is not the intention of the Government to punish persons who have been guilty of no offense but a tacit acquiescence in the state of affairs which has existed in that region for the last two years. Persons against whom no crime is charged that would subject them to a criminal prosecution or civil suit for damages will be allowed to take the oath of allegiance. General Burnside now holds the East Tennessee and Virginia Road from Knoxville to Henderson, seventy-five miles east. The other road to Chattanooga we also have practical possession of to that place, but the bridges are burned at London and Charleston. The Tennessee River at London has been pontooned. When last heard of, Burnside was at Knoxville.

THE CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

The expedition to Texas has not been abandoned in consequence of the late disaster at Sabine Pass. We learn from New Orleans that the movement will now be made overland, and the large force to be engaged in the undertaking were going forward as rapidly as the transportation facilities would admit by way of Brashear City and Berwick Bay. The occupation of Texas may be regarded as a fixed fact. A dispatch, *via* Cairo, states that the expedition to the Red River region, under General Herron, had been perfectly successful in clearing out the guerrillas that have infested the banks of the Mississippi, between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Colonel Cloud, of General Blunt's command, arrived at Little Rock on the 19th ult. with a small force of cavalry. Colonel Cloud with a battalion of the Second Kansas Cavalry, five hundred strong, attacked General Cabell's rebel forces, two thousand strong, in the defenses between Perryville and Fort Smith, Indian Territory, and succeeded in routing them with considerable loss. He also defeated a rebel force at Dardonelle on the 9th ult., capturing their camp and commissary stores. Over two thousand Union Arkansans had joined his command, and deserters from the rebel forces were arriving at Little Rock daily.

THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE.

Fifteen thousand of the Corps d'Afrique, under General Banks, have been mustered in, and recruiting is active. The maximum strength is 25,000.

ANOTHER BREAD RIOT.

Another female bread riot is reported to have taken place in Mobile on September 4, on which occasion the Seventeenth Alabama troops were ordered out to put down the disturbance, but refused to do their duty. The Mobile Cadets were driven from the field, or rather streets, by the infuriated women. The rioters openly declared that "if some means were not rapidly devised to relieve their suffering or to stop the war they would burn the city." The suffering in Mobile is said to be very great.

THE LEGAL TENDERS CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Court of Appeals at Albany has decided that the legal tender notes issued by the Government are constitutional, and by its decision confirms that made in the Seventh Judicial district, while it overrules one made in this district. This settles a serious question, that has heretofore caused some unpleasant doubts to be felt by many people.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE INTERVENTION RUMOR.

Earl Russell alluded pointedly to the American question in the course of a public speech in Dundee, Scotland. He stated that England could not be forced to depart from her neutrality, and that the rebel chances of intervention by the Palmerston Cabinet may be regarded as ended.

THE REBEL RAMS.

One of the rebel iron rams has been removed from Laird's yard to another anchorage, preparatory to making her trial trip. Mr. Laird, Jun., assured the Liverpool *Post* that the firm had not been notified of any intention on the part of the Government to detain the rams. All the newspapers say that Laird has been notified he must not send the ships to sea.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The confidence in the success of the new plan for laying the Atlantic telegraph cable in the summer of 1864 is so firm that Messrs. Glass, Elliott, & Co. have not only contracted to make the cable, but to successfully submerge it.

FRANCE.

THE "FLORIDA" AT BREST.

Captain Maffit, of the pirate *Florida*, ran his vessel into difficulty by taking her to Brest. She was at first provisionally seized at the suit of a Frenchman named Meiner, who claims an indemnity of 100,000 francs for a vessel which the *Florida* had taken; but the French Government would not permit the seizure of the *Florida* to satisfy the indemnity claims against her so long as she remained in the dock-yard of the Imperial navy.

It is rumored that the wily Captain Maffit intends to abandon his famous vessel at Brest and take command of another pirate at Liverpool, whither it is rumored the new craft has already been joined by the greater part of the *Florida's* crew.

RUSSIA.

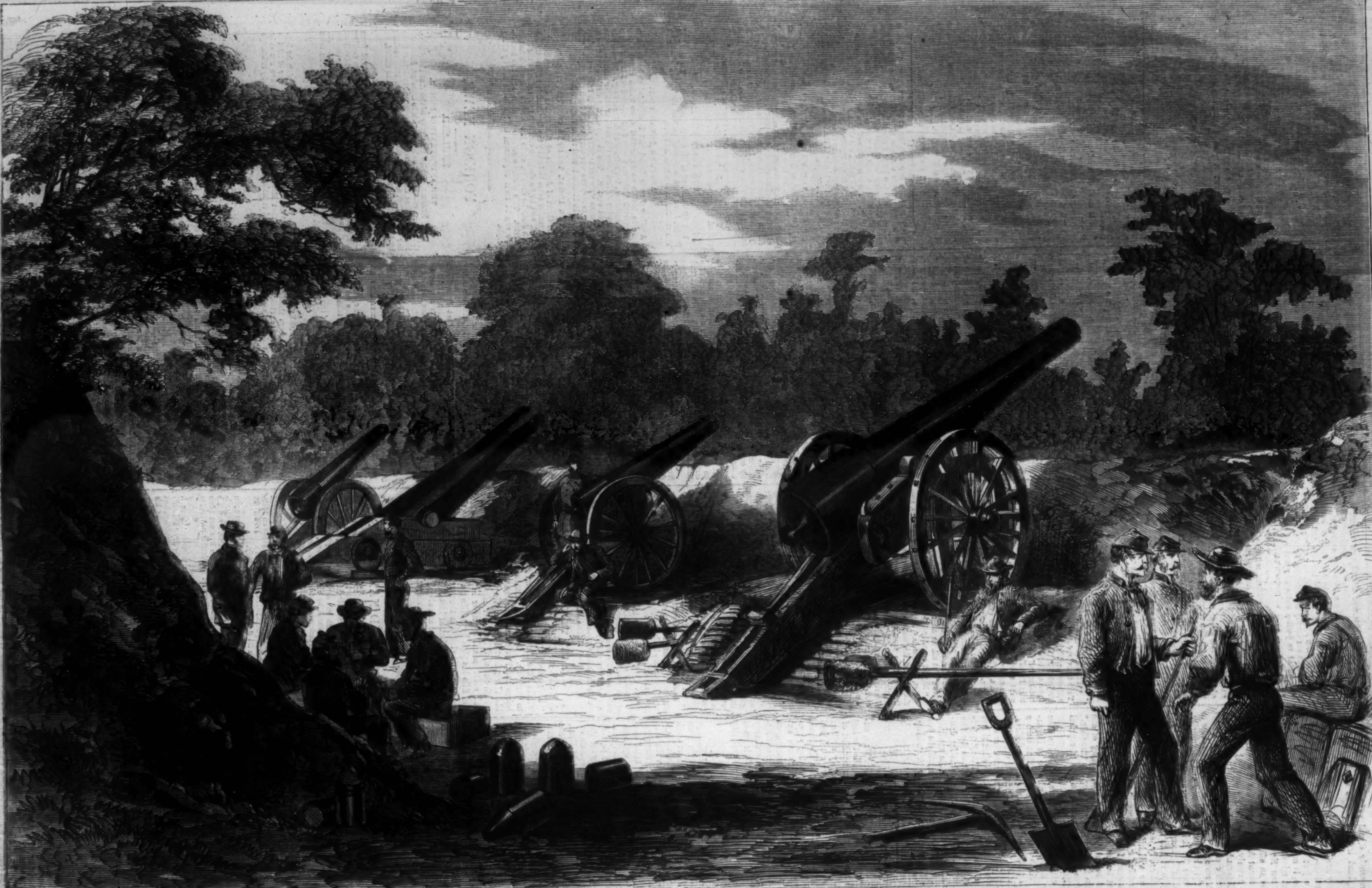
THE POLISH QUESTION.

The Russian Government have replied to the last French note concerning the Polish question in a very conciliatory tone—Prince Gortschakoff confining himself simply to a discussion of the expediency of applying the measures claimed on behalf of Poland by the three great Powers.

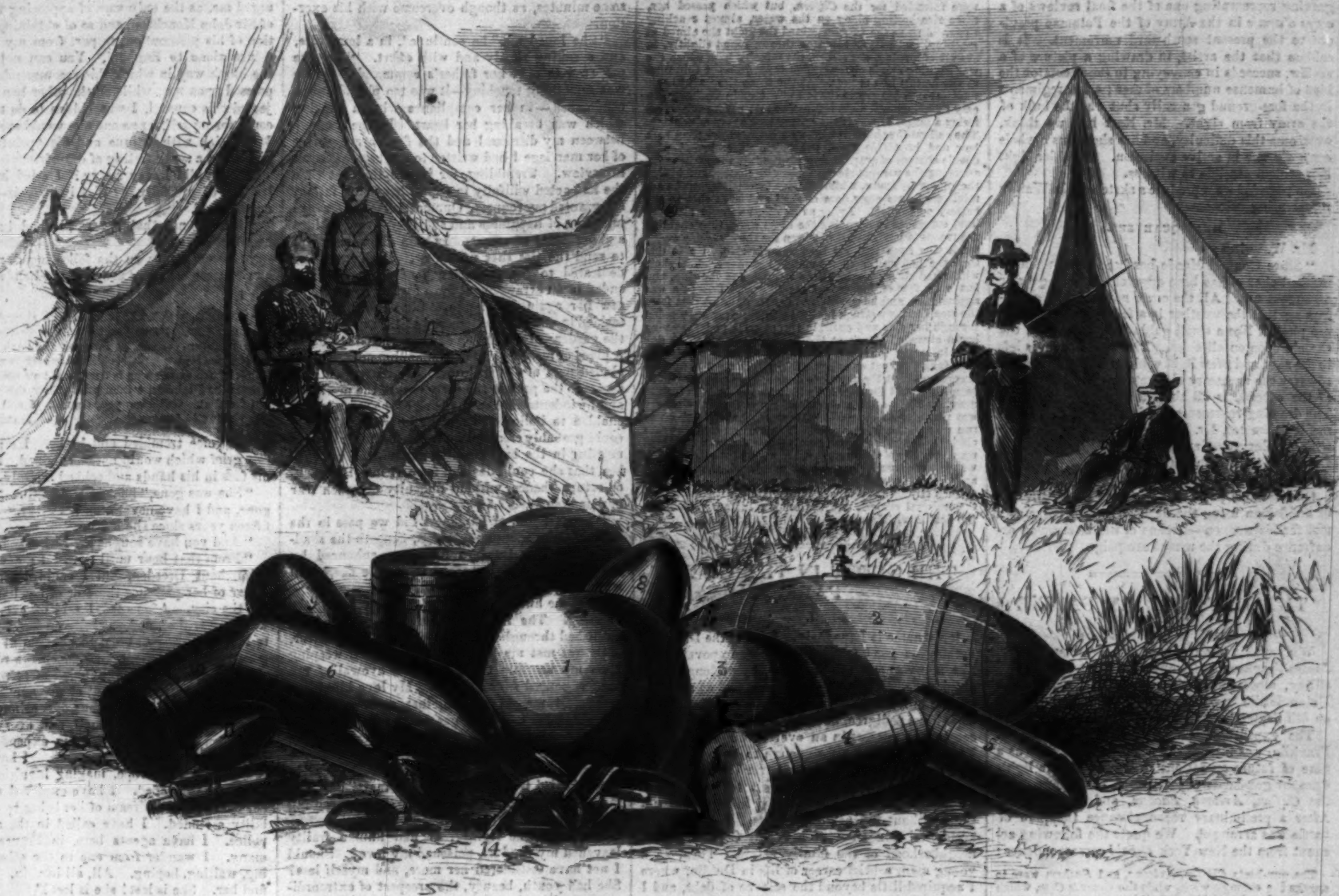
JAPAN.

THE BRITISH WHIPPED.

Japanese accounts reached Hakodadi on the 30th of August that the British fleet, which had been dispatched to Kagosinia to demand the surrender of the murderers of Mr. Richardson, encountered a heavy fire from the masked batteries of the Japanese, which riddled the greater portion of the fleet, and caused the balance to retire from the contest.



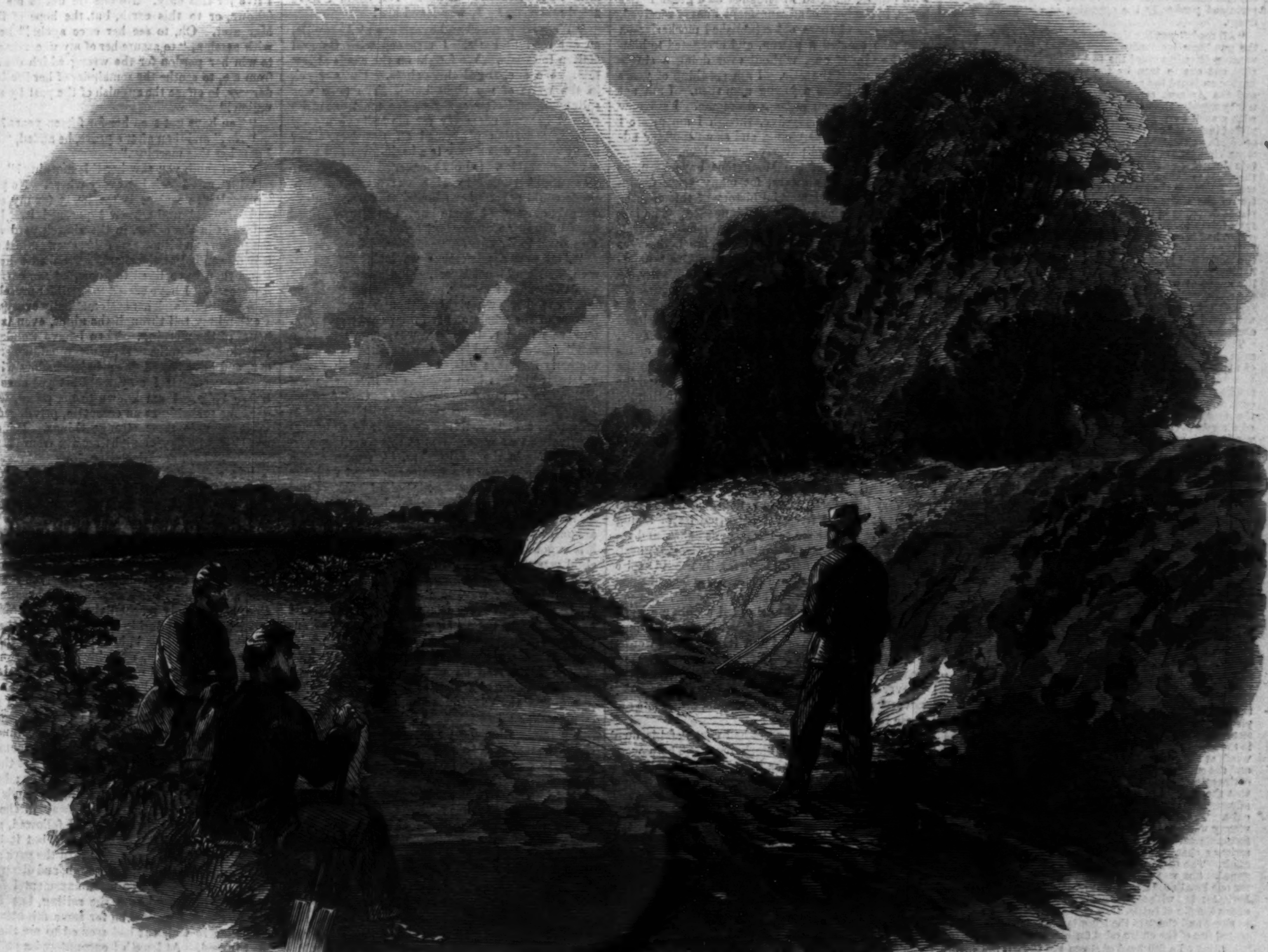
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE NEW BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES, FOUR AND A HALF MILES FROM CHARLESTON.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 651.]



1. 15-inch Shell.—2. Torpedo.—3. Mortar Shell.—4. Brooks (Rebel).—5. 100-pounder Parrott.—6. 300-pounder Parrott.—7. Brooks (Rebel).—8. 200-pounder Parrott.—9. Whitworth Bolt (Rebel).—10. Brooks (Rebel).—11. James.—12. Anglo-Rebel.—13. Hand-Grenade.—14. Greek Fire.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHOT AND SHELL PILED IN FRONT OF GENERAL GILMORE'S TENT.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 651.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE COVERED WAY LEADING TO THE BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 651.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on pages 648 and 649 a large engraving representing one of the final reviews of a *corps d'armée* in the Army of the Potomac previous to the present southward movement. It is seldom that the artist, in drawing a picture of a review, succeeds in conveying to the spectator the idea of immense numbers of men; a few regiments in the fore-ground generally shut out the bulk of the army from sight. Mr. Nast has, we think, overcome this difficulty, and has shown us a whole *corps d'armée* in active evolution. A nobler sight it is seldom possible to witness.

On page 653 we reproduce a sketch of Mr. Waud's representing

HEAD-QUARTERS.

Mr. W. writes:

"Since General Meade has been in command a marked change has been apparent in head-quarter arrangements. All the cover now carried by officers against the weather is a few tent flies, which are pitched like a small gable roof, as seen in the sketch, open on all sides. The wagon train is left in the rear, and a few light vehicles and ambulances, to carry the necessary blankets and frugal supplies of the officers, is all that accompanies the staff. The drawing represents the local habitation of the medical director, Dr. Letterman, who, in company with the Surgeon-General, Dr. De Boyse, and Dr. Davis, are to be seen taking soup on the ground by their fly. The camp is in a fine grove of oaks."

On the same page will be found an illustration of a rifleman using the dead body of a horse as a rest for his weapon—a scene of not uncommon occurrence during the recent campaign.

THE DISASTER AT SABINE PASS.

We reproduce on page 652 a drawing by Mr. James Ferguson, of Company A, First Indiana Artillery, representing the unsuccessful attack of a Union flotilla upon the rebel forts at Sabine Pass on 8th September.

The expedition, under command of General Franklin, was intended to occupy Sabine Pass as a base of future operations in Texas. Four light-draught gun-boats accompanied the troops, viz., the *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Sachem*, and *Granite City*. After a preliminary reconnoissance the plan of battle was arranged. We quote the following account from the New York *Herald* correspondence:

> The gun-boats *Clifton*, *Arizona*, and *Sachem* were to engage the enemy's work, while the *Granite City*, which carried only a broadside of small brass guns, was to cover the landing of an advance force of five hundred men, of General Weitzel's division, selected from the heroes of Port Hudson, and composed of two companies of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, four companies of the One Hundred and Sixty-first New York, and a detachment from the Seventy-fifth New York regiments, under command of Captain Fitch, of the last-named regiment. The General himself came on board at the last moment to superintend personally the operation of disembarking his troops.
>
> "All ready" was the signal, and about four o'clock P.M. the gun-boats steamed slowly forward, the *Clifton* advancing directly toward the fort, followed by the *Granite City*, and she in turn by the transport *General Banks*, having on board the advance of the army. The *Sachem* and the *Arizona* steamed off to the right, and ran up nearly opposite the battery. The *Clifton* opened the ball with a shell from one of her 9-inch pivot-guns, which exploded inside the rebel works, throwing up a perfect shower of *débris*, and instantly followed it with a second shot of the same kind. Soon the litle *Sachem*, commanded by Captain Johnson, opened her broadside 32-pounder guns on the work, and the next moment the *Arizona* also paid her compliments to the foe. The gunnery was magnificent, a few of the shells only exploding prematurely, and the pieces dropping in the water. Up to this time, and until from thirty to forty shells had exploded in the works, not a shot had been returned by the enemy. An ominous silence pervaded the fort, and many were of opinion that the works had been abandoned. Neither soldiers nor inhabitants made their appearance, and the only signs of life apparent were the movements of a small steamer in the river, which had run up above the city and down as far as the fort once or twice during the forenoon, and which was joined by a second steamer about the time the action commenced.
>
> The action of the enemy, however, was the deceptive calm which often precedes the storm, and the sudden flash of flame which was plainly visible from the deck of the *General Banks* with the naked eye, and the cloud of white smoke which floated lazily up from the parapet of the enemy, were instantly followed by a heavy shot thrown at the *Arizona*, the largest boat of the fleet, and which passed directly over her, striking in the edge of the water beyond. This was followed in quick succession by a shot at the *Sachem* and another at the *Clifton*, neither of which, however, took effect. The engagement now became general and very warm, the *Clifton* and *Arizona* moving very slowly forward and back, while the brave little *Sachem*, under a heavy fire, kept pushing steadily forward, endeavoring to pass the battery and engage it in the rear, which was supposed to be unprotected. This movement the enemy divined, and redoubled their fire at her, answered shot for shot by the three boats, the huge shells every instant bursting in their midst, carrying destruction in their wake, and knocking great holes in the parapet, which appeared of sufficient size to admit the passage of a carriage and horses. The enemy acted with great bravery, however, and if their fire slackened an instant after one of those terrific explosions, which seemed to shake the very earth around them, it was instantly resumed with increased rather than diminished determination. Gradually but surely the little *Sachem* was gaining her desired position. A moment more, and she would pass out of range, and the day would be won. All eyes were bent upon the noble little craft, when suddenly a shot was seen to strike her amidships, crashing in her sides, and tearing their iron plating for the protection of sharp-shooters as a piece of paper, and causing her to careen and tremble from stem to stern. An instant more, and she was enveloped in the scalding vapor of escaping steam, and lay a helpless wreck at the mercy of the enemy. The flag was lowered, and the enemy, ceasing their fire on her, now turned their entire attention to the *Clifton*, probably aware of the fact that the draught of the *Arizona* would not permit her to advance near enough to become a very formidable antagonist. The disabling of the *Sachem* at the instant when victory was within her grasp was the second of those unfortunate accidents referred to, and was, of course, of so serious a character as to imperil the success of the entire affair. The *Clifton* was now the only effective boat engaged. She was called upon to do double duty, and not for one breath did her gallant commander and brave crew hesitate; but with three rousing cheers, which were heard above the din of battle, they poured in their fire, running in closer and closer to the batteries, in face of the concentrated fire of the entire rebel fortification.
>
> Putting on a full head of steam the *Clifton* ran swiftly down directly toward the battery, with the intention, doubtless, of delivering her broadside, giving her sharp-shooters an opportunity of picking off the enemy's gunners and thus silencing the works. At the same time the *Granite City* and the *General Banks* gradually followed in her wake for the purpose of reaching the point of debarkation as soon as the *Clifton* had effected her object, although the heavy solid shot and hissing shell which were intended for the *Clifton*, but which passed her, came ricochetting along on the water, almost reaching them. Just as the *Clifton* gained the point she aimed at reaching, and as her bow was thrown round slightly, in the act of turning, she struck, the velocity with which she was running driving her a long distance into the thin mud at the bottom of the pass. At the same time a hitherto undiscovered battery to the left of the main work, and in easy range, opened upon her as she lay, her broadside offering a target of which the enemy took every advantage. The gallant *Crocker* still kept up a constant fire from both bow and broadside guns, the quick rifles, loaded with double charges of grape, being poured into the main work, sweeping the parapet clean at every discharge, and killing the enemy by scores, while with his broadside-guns he administered dose after dose of shell and solid shot to the battery on the left. Lying as he did, he would probably have succeeded in silencing the main work, thus enabling the troops to land, had it not been for the broadside work; for it was from that his boat was disabled. Up to this time she had sustained no material damage. The shots which had struck her had been harmless to the ship, and but very few of his crew were injured. But fate was against him, and he was obliged to succumb. A shot from the small battery struck his boat about the centre, passing through her side and entirely through the boiler, leaving her a stranded wreck at the enemy's mercy. The flag was instantly lowered; but the firing still continued, both from the boat and the batteries. It must have been lowered without the captain's knowledge, or he may have been killed and the crew left without a leader. An instant more, and just after a shower of grape from the enemy was poured into the noble little craft, the white flag was run up and the firing ceased. The engagement was concluded. Brave hearts and manly forms had been sacrificed upon the altar of their country, but without success. There was but one available gun-boat uninjured, the *Arizona*, and she was incapable of offensive operations against works of such strength. She was immediately withdrawn from the unequal contest, and the order reluctantly issued to the fleet to withdraw.

THE GHOST IN THE GREEN PARK.

I.

"My name is Lane Daly. I am of the Dalys of Fermoy—a good family, but sadly impoverished, like many another Irish house, by prolonged improvidence. I was a younger son, and as a consequence inherited little more than a foolish pride, a monstrous pedigree, and that phantom property, a contingent interest in an over-encumbered estate. Yet these were excuses enough to keep an Irishman from industry. I was never trained to any profession. I seemed forbidden to toil for my bread. I was brought up with independent notions without independent means. I received an accidental education at a Jesuit College in the neighborhood of the family estate. Then, as a young man, a brief career of life in Dublin, where I acquired little beyond the science of debt, and I came to London fortune seeking. I had name and connections, although I had not money, and, moreover, every Irishman has some one above him in station, whom he looks up to, and expects to get something from. A promise is the general result—another word for a lie—it was all I ever got. I, with others, dangled attendance at a great man's levée, in the hope of advancement I never received. He was one of those old-established mockeries—a man who seemed a patron, and arrogated to himself the airs of one, without ever doing a single action to merit the title. I am speaking of years long past. I was a young man then. I am not now so old as you perhaps deem me. I am now little more than forty-five, though I am aware I seem older. I was young, and as a necessary adjunct to youth and poverty—came love.

"The family of the Moncktons have been, as you are doubtless aware, for many years distinguished in the commercial history of this country for their enormous wealth and influence. The late Sir John Monckton had one daughter—Margaret. Of her exquisite beauty I will spare both of us elaborate description. Here is her portrait, painted about the date of my first meeting with her, by a French artist of some fame. Judge for yourself."

He took from his breast-pocket a morocco-leather miniature case and handed it to me. It inclosed the portrait of a woman, certainly of great beauty. For some minutes the charming expression of innocence and contemplative purity depicted in the miniature held me spell-bound. Then I closed the case and returned it to him, motioning my thanks.

"In mind," he went on, "she was not less excellent. And here I should state—you know me so slightly it is necessary—that not one thought of the wealth she was likely one day to inherit ever tainted the truthfulness of my love for Margaret Monckton. I believe that had I met her even in the very humblest position I should not have loved her less. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. I was admitted to her father's house, and received there as a constant and welcome guest. That the cadet of a needy Irish family should aspire to the hand of an English heiress was looked upon as a danger too absurd to be apprehended. So my love grew and swelled unchecked within me, until my surcharged heart broke down beneath the burden. My passion would find its way into words. I betrayed myself. You can guess the result. The door of Sir John Monckton's house was thenceforth forever closed against me. My only sins were my poverty and my love. But how unpardonable are these in a rich man's eyes!

"The father of Margaret had views of his own in relation to his daughter's hand. There were other matters besides the happiness of his child to be considered. What could be more important than strengthening his political connections, than enlarging the arena of his commercial pursuits? He had decided upon the marriage of his daughter with a General Galton, a man of high family and great wealth, who had returned from an important colonial appointment to marry and be buried in his native land. Obedience is a nobler virtue than love—the conviction can not be too soon grafted into the heart of a child. Filial piety is rightly held in high esteem: it has a happy tendency to promote parental profit! How many Englishmen, do you think, champions of liberty abroad, are yet the most cruel of tyrants at home, preying upon their children's joys, weighing their hearts but as feathers in the scale against political advancement and sordid ambition?"

He spoke with violence, and then paused for some minutes, as though overcome with his exertion.

"She loved me," he continued, in a low voice, and speaking slowly and with effort. "Yet she prepared to obey her father's commands. There was something touching—it was too pitiable to be condemned—in her compliance with a bidding which was breaking her heart. In the interval between my dismissal and the final arrangement of her marriage I had written to her beseeching an interview. Trembling, for it was the first time she had acted willfully in opposition to her father, she granted my request. Our meeting was a strange mingling of happiness and suffering—vows of love and outbursts of regret. In vain did we attempt to rend the ties that united us. Each interview dedicated to the interchange of eternal adieux ended in an arrangement for a further meeting. I saw her again and again. Sir John Monckton resided in one of those houses in St. James's Place, the gardens of which run down to the Green Park. A place of meeting was beneath a lime-tree, in a secluded part of the inclosure. Margaret had free access to the park in the early part of the morning, and by indentations on the bark of the tree she was enabled to indicate to me the hour at which she could probably escape from her father's house for a meeting in the evening—the garden-wall being so low that she could descend from it into the park, or return thence, without difficulty or much fear of detection.

"What hours of happiness did we pass in the calm of those summer evenings, beneath the shadow of the lime-tree!—a happiness enhanced by the dangers which menaced it, by the despair in which it was inevitably to end.

"Let me hurry on. It was the night before the wedding. The forthcoming marriage had been published throughout the town. Sick with terror, Margaret met me beneath the tree—fell weeping upon my bosom. Once more the avowal of my passion poured from my lips. My love blinded—maddened me. I rose against my doom. We fled—if, indeed, it was not rather an abduction than a flight—for Margaret had lost consciousness in conjuring me by all I held sacred—by our love—to save her. A priest of the Catholic church, whose faith I hold, consecrated our marriage. We made for the coast, and quitted England, purposing never to return.

"Had I done rightly, or had human frailty leavened my conduct, poisoned my love? Should I not have considered her more, and myself less? She had youth, beauty, the prospect of extraordinary wealth—few women possessed equal advantages. Through my act these had been lost to her. She had yoked herself with a poor adventurer. She had withdrawn herself from an engagement, in the world's eyes voluntarily entered upon. She had incurred the ceaseless anger of her father. And this my doing! Yet, could I have acted otherwise? I, who loved her!

"We were pursued and overtaken at Abbeville, on our road to Paris. I returned with General Galton to Calais. We fought on the sands at low tide. We exchanged three shots. I was struck in the wrist of my right hand. The bone was splintered, and after suffering the most exquisite pain it became necessary for me to have a very painful operation performed on my arm. For many weeks I was a prey to a brain-fever of a most severe character. On my recovery I found myself at Brussels, tended by Margaret my wife. Nothing could exceed her affectionate care. Subsequently our story became known in Brussels, and drew upon us an unpleasant amount of attention: we moved to Dresden.

"And now a misfortune we had hardly foreseen, and could not avert, came upon us. This was the want of money. Margaret possessed no means in her own right, although presumptive heiress of the whole of her father's vast property. Our sole income, therefore, was comprised in a small annuity to which I was entitled under my mother's marriage settlement; and which, fortunately, it had not been possible to involve in the difficulties of my father's estate. Our fortune, Heaven knows, was small enough, still it had probably been sufficient, living as obscurely and inexpensively as we were. But at this time began irregularities in the remittances, by reason of the chicanery of one of the trustees charged with the payment of the annuity. Sir John Monckton had solemnly renounced his daughter, had sworn never to forgive or even to see us more; he carefully alienated the whole of his property from Margaret. His anger knew no bounds—his former love for his child was now changed to an insatiable hate. It seemed to have become an object of his life to oppose us in every way, to drive us to extremities. I had written to every friend I had, or thought I had, hoping to obtain an appointment under one of the continental embassies. But Sir John's interest effectually prevented this. To all my applications I received an unvarying reply. I had made an enemy of a man too powerful to be opposed, and the consequences must be upon my own head.

"Our situation daily became worse. To purchase the means of subsistence Margaret was compelled to effect a sale of her jewels. Formerly I had possessed some skill as an artist—with this maimed arm, what did that avail now? Margaret had great gifts as a musician. She endeavored to obtain pupils. For a time she succeeded, but many on becoming further acquainted with her history expressed an unaccountable aversion to employing her. I earned some small sums by teaching English, but still insufficient to supply the requirements of our most modest household.

"One day I returned home later than usual. I had been out many hours in the vain quest of employment. To my joy I found a letter from England. I broke the seal with eagerness, and read with a trembling hope which died away into despair as I concluded. The letter was from a relative, and was written in terms colder even than usual. I had implored a remittance. None was forwarded, the letter bade me hope for none, and urged me, as the only way of appeasing the anger of Sir John Monckton, and so of obtaining a cessation of his persecution, to part from my wife and return alone to England. You can not imagine the harsh way in which this recommendation was pressed upon me; while on the other hand, if I rejected this counsel, I was bidden to do the best I could for myself, for no one else would ever aid me. I was sick with fatigue and disappointment. I yielded to a weak feeling of despair.

"'Why did I ever marry?' I cried in the extremity of my folly. 'Was it for this—for ruin and death?'

"I knew not that my words had been overheard.

"On my return on the following day I found awaiting me a note in pencil in the handwriting of Margaret:

> "'Do as they will. It is in vain to struggle further. We must part. I love you too well to be the cause of further suffering to you. I love you as I have ever loved you, but we must part—it is best so—never to meet again. Think of me as one who is dead, and love me as though Heaven had taken me from you. They can not wrong you for that. God bless you, dearest. I will ever pray so. Farewell—forever. MARGARET.'"

His voice trembled and broke. He gave way to a grief which would not be subdued. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed audibly.

"She was gone," he said at length. "She was gone, and I have never seen her since. It is now fifteen years since she left me."

"And you have sought her?" I asked.

"From that hour until now. I made inquiries throughout Dresden, but I could learn nothing either of her presence there or of her having quitted the city. Afterward I sold off every thing I was possessed of, and partially on foot I journeyed to Paris, and so on at last to London, at every opportunity seeking traces of her on the road. Arrived in London, I was enabled after much difficulty to resume the receipt of my annuity. This furnished me with the means of continued search. My personal wants are small, and every farthing not absorbed by these I have expended in the prosecution of my hapless search. I have visited every town in Europe, making inquiries far and near as I proceeded. I have explored every corner where I could dream of her being by any possibility secluded. I have called in the aid of the police. I have agents here, in France, in Germany. I wander from one to the other, searching, waiting, hoping. All, all in vain. I can not find her. She is lost! she is lost!"

There was a dreadful accent of despair in his words.

"And you have now resigned your quest?" I asked.

"I shall resign it but with life," he answered, solemnly. "It is the sole object of my existence. I live for this only. No one tie unites me to my fellows, or to this earth, but the hope of finding Margaret. Oh, to see her once again!" he cried with passion, "to assure her of my unceasing love, to win her pardon for the wrong which drove her from me, to soothe the remainder of her life by tenderness, to efface the anguish of the past by my devotion!"

"You have not seen her for fifteen years?"

"No;" and then after a pause, he added, "unless I saw her this morning."

"You think you saw her this morning?"

"Listen. I seek her every where. No place is too exalted, no place is too lowly for my search, and day and night have I pursued it. In the palace as in the cellar, in the church-yard and in the prison; in all phases of life, even amidst scenes it had been better she should have died a hundred times than have lived to know, I have carried on my search. I have ceased to bewilder myself with probabilities, I seek her systematically every where. I extend my toil through the night, even into the hours of the morning. Then I have wandered to that lime-tree in the park, consecrated by her memory, and have bowed down in its shadow with my one prayer—that I may meet her yet once again before I die. I am known to the police, who regard me probably as an eccentric, privileged to do what seem to them strange things. Hence my ramblings by day or night receive from them neither question nor molestation.

"It was a cold night. The ground had been covered for some days with a frozen snow. There was no moon, but the stars were out, shining brilliantly in their pale, wan splendor. The white ground and the cold, clear air rendered objects readily distinguishable, even at a considerable distance. I strode toward the lime-tree, and when within some fifty yards of it, perceived that a figure, advancing, as it were, from an opposite direction, had already reached the tree: the form of a woman stood out darkly majestic against the white back-ground. I could hear no sound of other footsteps than my own, crunching on the congealed snow. Yet I could not be mistaken. Plainly before me I recognised a pale, thin face, and a figure clothed in black and floating garments. I gasped for breath. Not so much from visual recognition, however, as from the conviction of some inner feeling *I knew that it was she!* My blood mounted to my head—my sight grew dim—my heart throbbed as though it would burst. I hurried on; but as I neared the tree, the figure waving its hands with a strange, solemn action, glided away in the direction from which it had come. I followed, greatly agitated. I sought to overtake it, but it kept in advance of me. It moved toward the park gate on Constitution Hill, passed through, and disappeared. I ran to the gate. To my amazement I found it locked. I climbed over the railing, but I could see no one. I walked on for some minutes in the direction in which it had seemed to me the figure had turned. At length I encountered a policeman carrying his lantern, and beating himself with his disengaged arm to keep himself warm. In reply to my questions, I learned that he had not seen a soul upon his beat for some two hours. Bewildered and excited, I hurried past him. For miles I walked on without pause. But fruitlessly. The figure had escaped me, and I returned toward town much and painfully moved.

"I know how the world would receive the story of this strange occurrence. I should be ridiculed as a monomaniac, or science would tell me that I was the victim of a spectral illusion; the result of unstrung nerves or disordered brain. Yet, as certainly as I now stand here, as plainly as I can see you facing me, on the night in question did I see the form of Margaret, my wife, beneath the lime-tree in the Green Park. I am not more satisfied of my own existence than of that."

"But how did she escape you? How did she quit the park?"

For some minutes he did not answer.

"In these days," he said, at length, "it seems to me that men have become so learned they have taught themselves to dispense with belief, and have voted faith unnecessary. The supernatural is regarded as an old nurse's tale, fit only to frighten children. To credit aught out of the pale of the commonplace, is scorned as credulity. I am born of a country where ignorance embalms belief—where superstition is a religion. Tales of omens, of banshees, of wraiths, and all the wonderful poetry of the mysterious, were among the first lessons impressed upon my childish mind, and became too deeply fixed there to be effaced by either education, or age, or experience. Smile if you will. I do not believe that it was Margaret's self that I saw, but as I believe in Heaven, I believe that it was her wraith. It was Margaret—not in the flesh—*but in the spirit!*"

"You believe her dead, then?"

"No," he cried, starting up. "I can not believe her dead—not dead. I should die myself could I think that. No. She is living still. She may be in trouble, perhaps in pain; and her gentle spirit in some ecstasy of longing has for a term escaped its material bondage, to hover near the spot it has most loved of all the earth. It was Margaret as she must be now—pale, calm, and beautiful—come to me in spirit, to warn—to bid adieu, perhaps: I can not know. She may be dying, but she is not dead. I can not reason upon this. I can give you no such explanation as would satisfy modern science; but I can, and I do, believe!"

"And your next step?"

"Continued search. The same post brought me these three letters."

He took from his pocket a packet of papers, among which were the letters he referred to. Two of them were written on thin paper, and bore foreign post-marks. The third was a London letter, posted apparently in an adjoining neighborhood.

"This tells me," he said, opening the last, "that there is some one residing in a street in Camden Town, answering the description of her whom I seek. It is a mistake. I have made inquiries. This is from Paris. My correspondent informs me, that on the fourth floor, No. 117 Rue des Martyrs, resides Madame Winter, stated to be German, but believed to be English—age about thirty-three—lives very retired. This is from Vienna. It gives particulars concerning a Madame d'Audry, residing in a secluded street, in the outskirts of the city. One of my correspondents must be in error. It is likely enough that they both are. It will not be the first time by many that they have been so. But I start to-morrow on this new trace. To Paris first, and then on.

"And now it is growing late, and I have detained you long. Thank you for your kind interest and attention, and good-night. I will write to you from the Continent. I will see you on my return. Think over my strange story—believe it—if you can—for it is true. I am no madman, tell those who think me so—and my strange doings have had an object. Good-night!"

I assured him of my deep sympathy, and much moved by what I had heard, I left him.

II.

A year and some five months intervened between my parting with Daly and our next meeting.

I had often pondered over Daly's strange narrative. I had never received the promised communications from abroad, and I began to think that I had lighted upon a thread of mystery which no effort of mine could ever ravel out completely—that I had met with the first chapters of a romance of which the last part was to be forever withheld.

I was strolling in St. James's Park on a lovely evening in August. The weather was very sultry, and the sinking sun was still darting out hot rays between the branches of the trees, like a fire from behind the bars of a grate. The park was full of visitors, moving slowly about in an oppressed manner, hovering on the edge of the ornamental water, or reclining on the parched turf, trying to fancy some slight element of freshness was springing out of the lazy breathing of the evening air. I was idling amidst the idle, thankful to be out of the hot streets, or the hot rooms of a London house, and reckless as to the near approach of the hour for closing the park gates. Suddenly I saw before me a form I could hardly fail to recognize.

On one of the park seats encircling a tree, among a crowd of other loungers, but completely isolated in mind from his neighbors, Daly was sitting, resting his hand upon his stick, and gazing abstractedly upon the scene before him. I was struck with the change in him. Ill as he had been at the time of my parting with him, he now appeared to be infinitely worse. His face had paled fearfully, as though sorrow were turning it to stone. Many, too, were the lines of suffering upon it. His hair had turned quite white—his whole frame was emaciated and bent. I have never seen any man assume in so short a time the aspect of extreme old age. He appeared to be lost in contemplation, and I felt for some minutes unwilling to disturb him, but as at length it became evident that I should not receive recognition unless I did so, I went to him and touched him gently on the shoulder. He started up instantly much agitated, but gradually recovering himself, he greeted me cordially, and rose to walk with me.

"I have often wished to see you," he said, "and I ought to have written to you. I promised to do so, I know. But my acquaintance with you was after all so slight. I had so poor a claim upon your sympathy that, much as I desired to do so, I could not bring myself to write to you from abroad, or to seek you out on my return to England a few weeks since. Pray, pardon me. Your kind welcome assures me that I have done wrong in doubting for one moment your kind interest in me and my misfortunes."

His voice had lost its firmness. He spoke in a low and broken tone, and as though he breathed with difficulty. He leaned upon my arm as we walked slowly away from the other saunterers, now turning their steps toward the park gates. He bore so much the mark of suffering, so fixed an air of disappointment if not despair was in his face, that I for some time forbore to inquire as to the object which had drawn him from England. At length I questioned him upon the subject.

"All has failed," he said, in a tone of anguish. "The information I had received was founded upon error. I have had a long, long journey, and a fatiguing search since we parted—but all has been in vain. I have failed to find her, and have returned."

"You have resigned the task?"

"I am dying," he answered, solemnly.

I recollected his old declaration that he would give up his quest but with his life.

"I have enough medical learning to know that the world and I must soon part company. I am dying. I am prematurely worn-out by my great trouble. My pulse numbers little more than thirty beats to the minute. Night brings me no rest. I lay my head upon the pillow only to pass hours of wakeful sorrow, and to rise each day more weary. I can not sleep. Opiates give me a numbing repose, but only by taking doses so large as almost to endanger life. It must end soon. Still do I pray Heaven that I may see her once again before I die. God grant that this may be!"

"And the figure seen in the park—have you seen it since?"

"But once, three nights since, and in the same place. But for a space of time so brief that I could do little more than recognize it before it vanished."

We had passed out of St. James's Park, and crossing the Mall approached a gate on the other side leading into the Green Park. The gate-keeper stepped forward as though to oppose our entrance, but seeing Daly he moved aside, touching his hat respectfully, and we passed into the park. For some minutes we had not spoken. Slowly as we were walking it was evidently a serious exertion to Daly, and occasionally his breathing became so short we were obliged to halt altogether.

"There is the lime-tree," he said at length, in a low tone, pointing to a tree some hundred yards in front of us. As we moved in the direction indicated the sad reverence which affected Daly extended its influence to me. It was not without a vague sensation of awe that I found myself beneath the shadow of the tree.

"This was our trysting-place," said Daly, sadly. "This is the spot hallowed by love and sorrow. These branches above us have sheltered Margaret's gentleness, have shrouded my vigils of mourning and broken hope. Here on this bark—"

He stopped suddenly with a wild scream of surprise. His whole frame trembled. He gasped for breath.

"Look! look!" he cried. "There—there are figures scratched on the bark! She will come again! At twelve! See, it says at twelve! Thank God, thank God!"

But for my support he would have fallen. Certainly, as he had said, there appeared upon the bark figures scratched by some sharp instrument.

"You think that *she* has been here?" I asked, when he had a little recovered from the violence of his emotion; "that *she* has done this?"

"I am sure of it."

"But may not these marks be the result of mere accident? the chance work of an idle hand?"

"Impossible!" he cried, with passion. "She has been here! She will come again—at twelve o'clock. I will await her here. And you—you too—I beg, I implore you, to remain also!"

There was a feverish energy in his manner that almost alarmed me. Unwilling to leave him in such a state, and prompted also by an interest strongly excited, I acceded to his request, and it was arranged that we should remain together beneath the tree until twelve o'clock had chimed. It wanted some hours to midnight. How we succeeded in whiling away the time I hardly know. We spoke but little, and my companion was deaf to all suggestion that we should quit for a period the lime-tree, and return at the appointed hour.

"I shall wait here until she comes," he said.

His recent agitation had given place to a strangely-determined calmness. His lips were compressed, the fingers of his one hand tightly clenched. He leaned against the tree with a motionless rigidity, gazing in the direction in which he stated he had formerly seen the figure of Margaret appear. I must confess I was myself possessed with a nervous anxiety to see the issue of the adventure which kept me in a ceaseless excitement.

Twelve o'clock was at length tolled out by the Abbey bell. The night was fine, but dark. A mist in the nature of a blight veiled the horizon. We gazed eagerly toward Constitution Hill. We were too agitated for speech, and Daly's heart was beating with a violence that shook his whole frame at every throb.

We waited patiently for about four minutes. We could see nothing. With a movement, part of despair, part amazement, Daly turned his head round as though about to address some remark to me. Suddenly a strange cry broke from him, and he raised his one arm with a beseeching gesture.

"See, see, she is there—there—close upon us! Margaret, Margaret—my wife, my own! Thank God!"

Trembling from head to foot he moved forward some steps. His words died away in an unintelligible murmur, and he fell forward heavily on the ground. I looked where he had pointed.

I am writing at a period so distant from the date of the events narrated, and lapse of time so undermines our belief, even in our own experience of the unusual, that I hesitate to set down as an actual fact what it seemed to me I really saw on that night in the Green Park. How far I had been wrought upon by Daly's strange conduct, and a sympathetic inclination to credit the improbable so roused in me, I can not tell. Certainly, I did believe that I could trace out in the mist a shadowy female form—tall, slight, majestic—first advancing to where Daly stood, then bending over him in an attitude of unspeakable tenderness, then fading away altogether into air.

I hurried forward to Daly's aid. I raised him quickly; he was insensible. I loosened his neckerchief; and as he was thin and light I carried him without much difficulty toward the entrance to the park from Piccadilly. But he never spoke or moved. Assistance was obtained after a short interval. A surgeon opened a vein in his arm. All was fruitless, however. The sorrows of Lane Daly were forever over. He was quite dead.

By a letter found in one of his pockets it appeared that he had been residing in a small street near Covent Garden Market, and the body was accordingly conveyed thither. He had occupied two small rooms at the top of the house; they were dark, confined, and poorly furnished. I could find no clew to the names of any of his friends, to whom I could communicate the sad intelligence of his death. I thought it incumbent upon me, therefore, to seal up the papers of the unhappy man until some persons should come forward entitled to take possession of them. In doing this, from a bundle of letters in faded ink there fell a worn morocco case. It contained the portrait I had seen on my visit to the dead man. The pensive beauty of the face struck me with new force, and Daly's wonderful love seemed comprehensible. Soon after I discovered a letter of some years back from the brother of the deceased at Fermoy. I at once wrote to him with an account of his sudden loss.

The attempts to revive the body—the removal of it—the arrangement of the papers—had altogether occupied some hours. It was early morning when I quitted Daly's lodgings. On my way home I was passing up Bow Street, when I observed at the door of the police station a policeman posting a notice on the board outside. Moved by an impulse of curiosity I crossed the road to read the bill. It was just from the printer's, and was quite wet. It was headed with the words "Found Drowned." It went on to state that the body of a woman had been that morning found in the Thames. That she was clothed in mourning; was fair in complexion, with black hair slightly tinged with gray; age about thirty-five; figure thin and tall; but with no evidence upon her of her name or address. A strange feeling rose in my mind, connecting the description in the hand-bill with the figure I had seen in the park. I spoke to the policeman.

"Well," he said, "I know as much about it, perhaps, as any man. I live over the water. I'm taking charge of an empty house in Stamford Street. I'd been on duty last night at the Lyceum Theatre, and was crossing Waterloo Bridge on my way home. I'd just got half-way across when I met a woman running. Lord, how she did run! I could just see that she was as white as a sheet, and looked quite mad-like, and she'd passed me. I turned round. I thought something had gone wrong. A few yards off she stopped all of a sudden, as though struck by lightning. She was clutching at her throat—panting for breath. She staggered from the pavement on to the road. Then she screamed out, 'I've seen him again—again! Dead! dead! dead!' Such a strange cry—I never heard the like. I ran toward her; it was no use; the quickest thing you ever saw. More like flying than any thing else—up with a spring and over. She was as mad as could be!"

"What o'clock was it?"

"Well, you see, it struck twelve by St. Paul's as I paid the toll to go across. It must have been all within the five minutes after. I ran back, gave the alarm, and we got a boat off. It was no use. The tide was running up strong, and the night dark. It was some time before the body was picked up, and then it was close up to Hungerford. Quite dead, of course."

The body had been taken to the work-house, preparatory to the inquest. It was laid out in the same soiled clothes in which it had been drawn from the water. A sad sight! The face was thin and hollow, and there was a deep furrow on the forehead. The hands were emaciated, but of beautiful form. The hair streamed down in long, lank lines.

"A seamstress," said the policeman, as he raised the left hand and pointed to the forefinger, much worn, as from the action of a needle. "The old story, I suppose. She must have been a good-looking woman once."

I came away strangely perplexed.

That any identity existed between the body found in the Thames and the Margaret of Daly's story—that any tie connected the death of the woman at Waterloo Bridge and the death of Daly in the Green Park, could only be maintained upon hypothesis long scouted as supernatural and illusive. I could not accept these in explanation of the strange occurrences that had come to my knowledge. While, on the other hand, I could not ignore those occurrences, or explain them in any other way. Many would have me believe that I have been made the dupe of a madman, and that the figure supposed to have been seen in the park was a hallucination resulting from an overstrained imagination; that the finding the body of the woman had nothing to do with Daly's narrative or his sudden death, and was a coincidence in no-wise remarkable. The resemblance of the face of the drowned woman to the portrait of Margaret was certainly faint enough to be a matter of fancy merely; but then the picture had avowedly been painted many years back, while the similarity of the corpse to the figure believed to have been seen in the park, so far as I had been able to define it, was unquestionable. Had I then by an accident stumbled, as it were, upon the conclusion of Lane Daly's story—or had I construed a fictitious whole by joining two fragmentary romances? I shall never know. I can not even satisfy myself upon the subject, much less any other person. I have simply narrated the events as it seemed to me that they occurred.

The body of the woman was never claimed.

An inquest upon the body of Daly resulted in a verdict that he had died by the visitation of God.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

YACHTING NEWS.

From our Nautical Correspondent.

On Monday last a very fine race to the Library and back came off between two sweet little cutters—the *Bessie* and the *Laura*. Each carried as much canvas as they dared, considering the wind—the *Laura* a pair of slippers she is working for papa, and the *Bessie* the braces she is doing for Cousin Fred. The *Bessie* went away with the lead, and kept it to the end of the Parade, where some of her streamers got fouled with her ear-rings, and she had to lie-to for repairs. The *Laura* at this moment sailed up with all her crinoline in the wind, and passed her. But her advantage was not long kept, for a little way on she ran into a pastry-cook's, and carried away several of its cheese-cakes. The collision, however, was not serious, and she reached the Library almost at the same moment as the *Bessie*. They both got round the b(u)oy successfully, and obtained a copy of the last new novel apiece. The run home was effected in five minutes and twenty seconds.

A young man, on being asked by his sweet-heart what phonography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was phonography: "U R A B U T, L N!" (You are a beauty, Ellen!)

"I wish I had your head," said a lady, one day, to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the Doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

A Fact for Bachelors.—It is no less strange than true that the girdle most popular among unmarried ladies is a *sir single*.

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day? "Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly; "we didn't travel, we rid!"

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

Three Cambridge undergraduates went into a hotel celebrated for its wines, particularly old hock. One of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of "*hic, hæc, hoc.*" The waiter, however, paid no attention to the request, and on being again called, said, "Really, gentlemen, I thought you had *declined* it."

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I was to lose my balance, where would it go to?"

A short time since as a well-known master in a grammar-school was censuring a pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, Sir, they sell them two for three half-pence when they are stale."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but look'ee, Sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*-ing by half."

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales? "Why, no," she answered; "I did not know crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon, miss," said he; "I mean have you read Crabbe's Tales?" "And I assure you, Sir," said she, "I did not know that red crabs, or any other crabs, had tails."

A stock-broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was? "Well," said he, abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

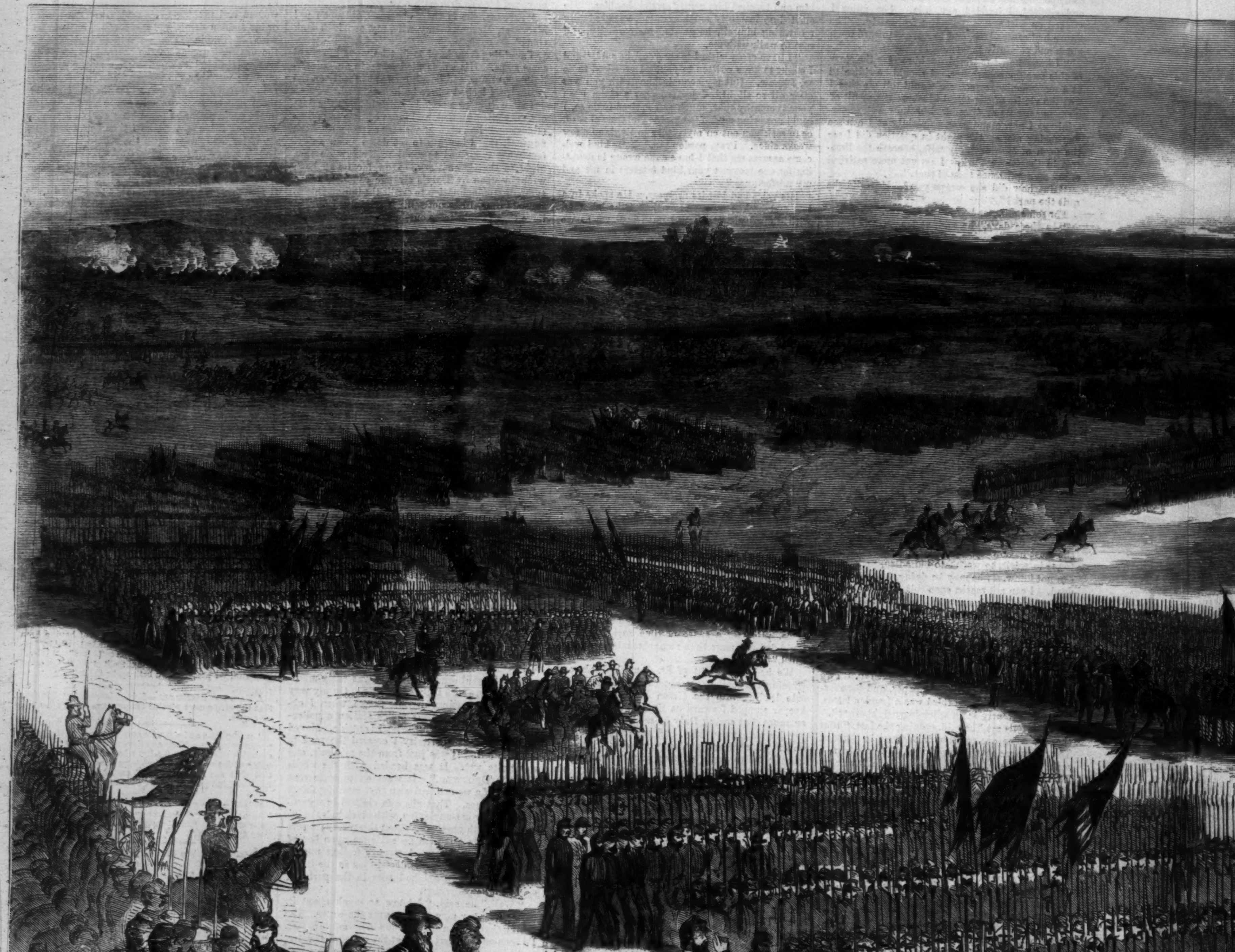
"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will go a great deal farther."

Jones calls crinolines the *large circle* of his female friends.

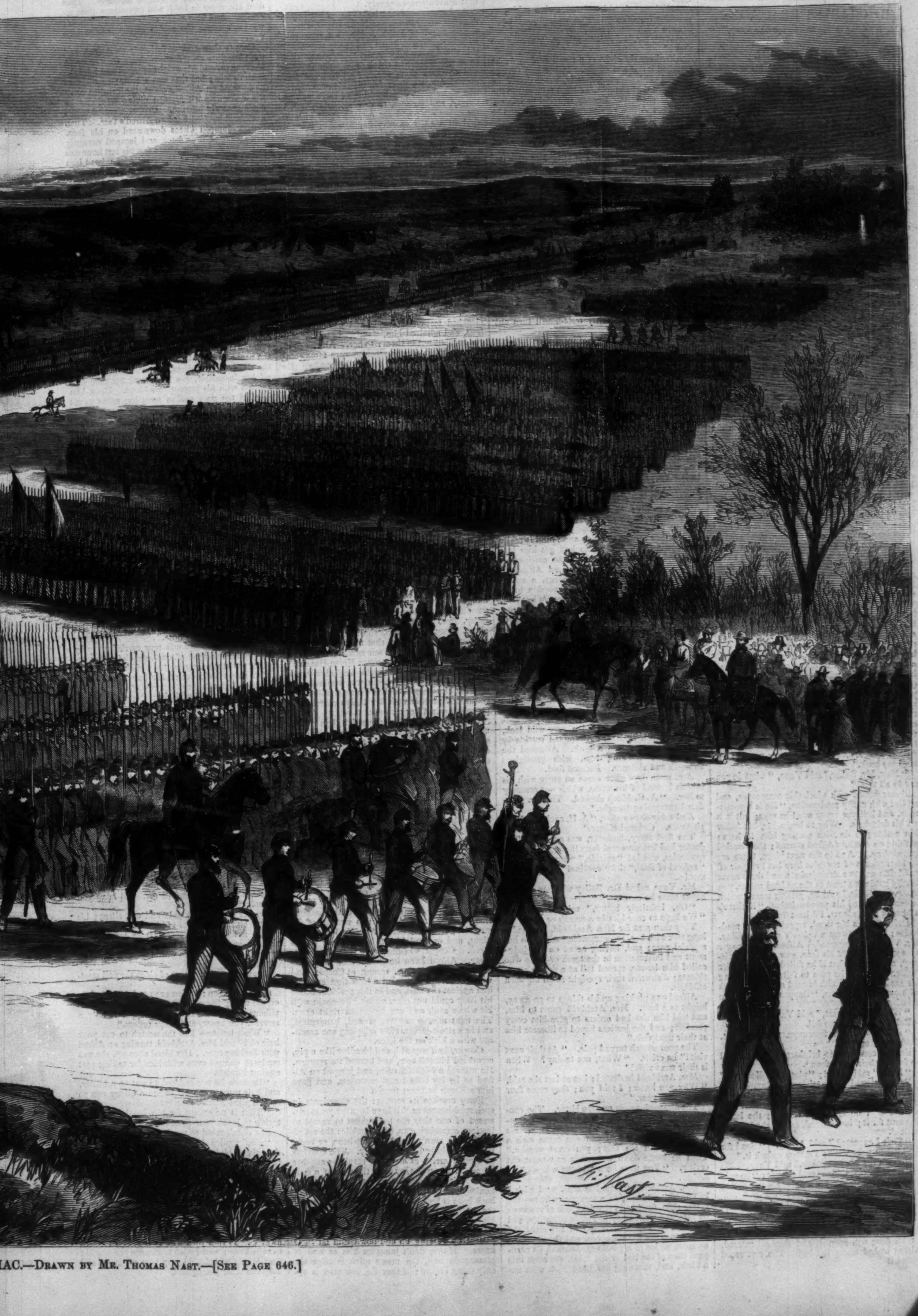
What letter is that which is perilous to young ladies? —The letter *O*; because it is sure to be in love.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

"What do you think of my wound, doctor? Is it deep?" —"Very probeable."



GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—



MAC.—Drawn by Mr. Thomas Nast.—[See Page 646.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Alfred thus encouraged told his story with forced calmness, and without a word too much. Indeed, so clear and telling was the narrative, and the logic so close, that incoherent patients one or two stole up and listened with wonder and a certain dreamy complacency; the bulk, however, held aloof apathetic; being inextricably wrapped in fictitious Autobiography.

His story told, Alfred offered the Dodds in evidence that the fourteen thousand pounds was no illusion; and referred to his sister and several friends as witnesses to his sanity, and said the letters he wrote were all stopped in the asylum; and why? That no honest man or woman might know where he was.

He ended by convincing Mr. Vane he was a sane and injured man, and his father a dark designing person.

Mr. Vane asked him whether he had any other revelations to make. Alfred replied, "Not on my own account, but for the sake of those afflicted persons who are here for life. Well, the beds want repaving; the vermin thinning; the instruments of torture want abolishing instead of hiding for an hour or two when you happen to come; what do the patients gain by that? The madmen dare not complain to you, Sir; because the last time one did complain to the justices (it was Mr. Petworth), they had no sooner passed through the iron gate than Cooper made an example of him; felled him with his fist, and walked up and down him on his knees, crying, 'I'll teach you to complain to the justices.' But one or two gentlemanly madmen, who soon found out that I am not one of them, have complained to *me* that the attendants wash them too much like Hansom cabs, strip them naked, and mop them on the flag-stones, then fling on their clothes without drying them. They say, too, that the meat is tough and often putrid, the bread stale, the butter rancid, the vegetables stinted, since they can't be adulterated, and as for sleep it is hardly known; for the beds are so short your feet stick out; insects, without a name to ears polite, but highly odoriferous and profoundly carnivorous, bite you all night; and dogs howl eternally outside; and, when exhausted nature defies even these enemies of rest, then the doctor, who seems to be in the pay of Insanity, claps you on a blister by brute force, and so drives away sleep, Insanity's cure, or hocusses you by brute force as he did me, and so steals your sleep, and tries to steal your reason, with his opium, henbane, morphia, and other tremendous brain-stealers. With such a potion, Sir, administered by violence, he gave me in one night a burning fever, headache, loss of sight, and bleeding at the nose; as Mrs. Archbold will tell you. Oh, look into these things, Sir, in pity to those whom God has afflicted: to me they are but strokes with a feather; I am a sane man, torn from love and happiness, and confined among the mad; discomfort is nothing to me; comfort is nothing; you can do nothing for me, but restore me to my dignity as a man, my liberty as a Briton, and the rights as a citizen I have been swindled out of by a fraudulent bankrupt and his tools two venal doctors, who never saw me but for one five minutes, but came to me ready bribed at a guinea apiece, and so signed away my wits behind my back."

"Now, Mr. Baker," said Vane, "what do you say to all this?"

Baker smiled with admirable composure, and replied with crafty moderation, "He is a gentleman, and believes every word he says; but it is all his delusions. Why to begin, Sir, his father has nothing to do with putting him in here; nothing on earth. (Alfred started; then smiled incredulous.) And in the next place, there are no instruments of restraint here but two pair of handcuffs and two strait-jackets, and these never hardly used; we trust to the padded rooms, you know. And Sir," said he, getting warm, which instantly affected his pronunciation, "if there's a hinsect in the 'ouse, I'll heat 'im."

Delusion is a big word, especially in a madhouse; it overpowers a visitor's understanding. Mr. Vane was staggered. Alfred, whose eager eyes were never off his face, saw this with dismay, and feeling that if he failed in the simpler matter he should be sure to fail in establishing his sanity, he said with inward anxiety, though with outward calmness, "Suppose we test these delusions?"

"With all my heart," said Vane.

Baker's countenance fell.

"Begin with the instruments of restraint. Find me them."

Baker's countenance brightened up; he had no fear of their being found.

"I will," said Alfred; "please to follow me."

Baker grinned with anticipated triumph.

Alfred led the way to a bedroom near his own, and asked Mr. Baker to unlock it. Baker had not the key; no more had Cooper; the latter was sent for it; he returned, saying the key was mislaid.

"That I expected," said Alfred. "Send for the kitchen poker, Sir; I'll soon unlock it."

"Fetch the kitchen poker," said Vane.

"Good gracious, Sir!" said Cooper; "he only wants that to knock all our brains out. You have no idea of his strength and ferocity."

"Well lied, Cooper," said Alfred, ironically.

"Fetch *me* the poker," said Vane.

Cooper went for it, and came back with the key instead.

The door was opened, and they all entered. Alfred looked under the bed. The rest stood round it

There was nothing to be seen but a year's dust.

Alfred was dumbfoundered, and a cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. He saw at once a false move would be fatal to him.

"Well, Sir," said Vane, grimly. "Where are they?"

Alfred caught sight of a small cupboard; he searched it; it was empty. Baker and Cooper grinned at his delusion, quietly, but so that Vane might see that formula. Alfred returned to the bed and shook it. Cooper and Baker left off grinning; Alfred's quick eye caught this and he shook the bed violently, furiously.

"Ah!" said Mr. Vane, "I hear a chink."

"It is an iron bedstead, and old," suggested Baker.

Alfred tore off the bed-clothes, and then the mattress. Below the latter was a frame-work, and below the frame work a receptacle about six inches deep, five feet long, and three broad, filled with chains, iron belts wrist locks, muffles, and screw-locked hobbles, etc.; a regular Inquisition.

If Baker had descended from the Kemble family, instead of rising from nothing, he could not have acted better. "Good Heavens!" cried he, "where do these come from? They must have been left here by the last proprietor."

Vane replied only by a look of contempt, and ordered Cooper to go and ask Mr. Tollett to come to him.

Alfred improved the interval. "Sir," said he, "all my delusions, fairly tested, will turn out like this."

"They *shall* be tested, Sir; I give you my word."

Mr. Tollett came, and the two justices commenced a genuine scrutiny; their first. They went now upon the true method, in which all these dark places ought to be inspected. They did not believe a word; they suspected every thing; they examined patients apart, detected cruelty filth and vermin under philanthropic phrases and clean linen; and the upshot was they reprimanded Baker and the attendants severely, and told him his license should never be renewed, unless at their next visit the whole asylum was reformed. They ordered all the iron body-belts, chains, leg-locks, wrist-locks, and muffs, to be put into Mr. Tollett's carriage, and concluded a long inspection by inquiring into Alfred's sanity; at this inquiry they did not allow Baker to be even present, but only Dr. Bailey.

First they read the order; and found it really was not Alfred's father who had put him into the Asylum. Then they read the certificates, especially Wycherley's; it accused Alfred of headache, insomnia, nightly visions, a rooted delusion (pecuniary), a sudden aversion to an affectionate father; and at the doctor's last visit, a wild look (formula), great excitement, and threats of violence without any provocation to justify them. This overpowered the worthy squires' understandings, to begin. But they proceeded to examine the three books an asylum has to keep by law; the visitor's book, the case book, and the medical journal. All these were kept with the utmost looseness in Silverton House; as indeed they are in the very best of these places. However, by combining the scanty notices in the several books, they arrived at this total.

Admitted April 11. Had a very wild look, and was much excited. Attempted suicide by throwing himself into a tank. Attacked the keepers, for rescuing him, with prodigious strength and violence. Refused food.

And some days after came an entry with his initials instead of his name, which was contrary to law. "A. H. Much excited. Threats. Ordered composing draught."

And a day or two after, "A. H. excited. Blasphemous. Ordered blister."

The first entry, however, was enough. The doctor had but seen real facts through his green spectacles, and lo! "suicide," "homicide," and "refusal of food," three cardinal points of true mania.

Mr. Vane asked Dr. Bailey whether he was better since he came.

"Oh, infinitely better," said Dr. Bailey. "We hope to cure him in a month or two."

They then sent for Mrs. Archbold, and had a long talk with her, recommending Alfred to her especial care: and, having acted on his judgment and information in the teeth of those who called him insane, turned tail at a doctor's certificate; distrusted their eyesight at an unsworn affidavit.

Alfred was packing up his things to go away, bright as a lark. Mrs. Archbold came to him, and told him she had orders to give him every comfort; and the justices hoped to liberate him at their next visit."

The poor wretch turned pale. "At their next visit!" he cried. "What, not to-day? When is their next visit?"

Mrs. Archbold hesitated: but at last she said, "Why you know; I told you; they come four times every year."

The disappointment was too bitter. The contemptible result of all his patience, self-command, and success, was too heart-breaking. He groaned aloud. "And you can come with a smile and tell me that; you cruel woman." Then he broke down altogether and burst out crying. "You were born without a heart," he sobbed.

Mrs. Archbold quivered at that. "I wish I had been," said she, in a strange, soft, moving voice; then, casting an eloquent look of reproach on him, she went away in visible agitation, and left him sobbing. Once out of his sight she rushed into the nearest room, and there, taking no more notice of a gentle madwoman its occupant than of the bed or the table, she sank into a chair, and, throwing her head back with womanly abandon, laid her hand upon her bosom that heaved tempestuously.

And soon the tears trickled out of her imperious eyes, and ran unrestrained.

The mind of Edith Archbold corresponded with her powerful frame and bushy brows. Inside this woman all was vigor; strong passions, strong good sense to check or hide them; strong will to carry them out. And between these mental forces a powerful struggle was raging. She was almost impenetrable to mere personal beauty, and inclined to despise early youth in the other sex; and six months spent with Alfred in a quiet country house would probably have left her reasonably indifferent to him. But the first day she saw him in Silverton House he broke through her guard, and pierced at once to her depths; first he terrified her by darting through the window to escape; and terror is a passion. So is pity; and never in her life had she overflowed with it as when she saw him drawn out of the tank and laid on the grass. If, after all, he was as sane as he looked, that brave high-spirited young creature, who preferred death to the touch of coarse confining hands!

No sooner had he filled her with dismay and pity than he bounded from the ground before her eyes and fled: she screamed, and hoped he would escape; she could not help it. Next she saw him fighting alone against seven or eight, and with unheard-of prowess almost beating them. She sat at the window panting, with clenched teeth and hands, and wished him to beat, and admired him, wondered at him. He yielded, but not to them: to her. All the compliments she had ever received were tame compared with this one. It thrilled her vanity. He was like the men she had read of, and never seen; the young knights of chivalry. She glowed all over at him, and detecting herself in time was frightened. Her strong good sense warned her to beware of this youth, who was nine years her junior, yet had stirred her to all her depths in an hour; and not to see him nor think of him too much. Accordingly she kept clear of him altogether at first; pity soon put an end to that; and she protected and advised him, but with a cold and lofty demeanor put on express. What with her kind acts and her cold manner he did not know what to make of her; and often turned puzzled earnest eyes upon her, as much as to say, are you really my friend or not? Once she forgot herself and smiled so tenderly in answer to these imploring eyes, that his hopes rose very high indeed. He flattered himself she would let him out of the asylum before long. That was all Julia's true lover thought of.

A feeling hidden, and not suppressed, often grows fast in a vigorous nature. Mrs. Archbold's fancy for Alfred was subjected to this dangerous treatment; and it smouldered, and smouldered, till from a penchant it warmed to a fancy, from a fancy to a passion. But penchant, fancy, or passion, she hid it with such cunning and resolution, that neither Alfred nor even those of her own sex saw it; nor did a creature even suspect it, except Nurse Hannah; but her eyes were sharpened by jealousy, for that muscular young virgin was beginning to sigh for him herself, with a gentle timidity that contrasted prettily with her biceps muscle and prowess against her own sex.

Mrs. Archbold had more passion than tenderness, but what woman is not to be surprised and softened? When her young favorite, the greatest fighter she had ever seen, broke down at the end of his gallant effort and began to cry like a girl, her bowels of compassion yearned within her, and she longed to cry with him. She only saved herself from some imprudence by flight, and had her cry alone. After a flow of tears such a woman is invincible. She treated Alfred at tea-time with remarkable coldness and reserve. This piece of acting led to unlooked-for consequences: it emboldened Cooper, who was raging against Alfred for telling the justices, but had forborne from violence, for fear of getting the house into a fresh scrape. He now went to the doctor, and asked for a powerful drastic; Bailey gave him two pills, or rather boluses, containing croton-oil—inter alia; for Bailey was one of the farraginous fools of the unscientific science. Armed with this weapon of destruction, Cooper entered Alfred's bedroom at night, and ordered him to take them: he refused. Cooper whistled, and four attendants came. Alfred knew he should soon be powerless; he lost no time, sprang at Cooper, and with his long arm landed a blow that knocked him against the wall, and in this position, where his body could not give, struck him again with his whole soul, and cut his cheek right open. The next minute he was pinned, handcuffed, and in a strait-jacket, after crippling one assailant with a kick on the knee.

Cooper, half stunned, and bleeding like a pig, recovered himself now, and burned for revenge. He uttered a frightful oath, and jumped on Alfred as he lay bound and powerless, and gave him a lesson he never forgot.

Every art has its secrets: the attendants in such mad-houses as this have been for years possessed of one they are too modest to reveal to justices, commissioners, or the public: the art of breaking a man's ribs, or breast-bone, or both, without bruising him externally. The convicts at Toulon arrive at a similar result by another branch of the art; they stuff the skin of a conger eel with powdered stone; then give the obnoxious person a sly crack with it; and a rib or back-bone is broken, with no contusion to mark the external violence used. But Mr. Cooper and his fellows do their work with the knee-joint: it is round, and leaves no bruise. They subdue the patient by walking up and down him on their knees. If they don't jump on him as well as promenade him, the man's spirit is often the only thing broken; if they do, the man is apt to be broken bodily as well as mentally. Thus died Mr. Sizer in 1854, and two others quite recently. And how many more God only knows; we can't count the stones at the bottom of a well.

Cooper then sprang furiously on Alfred, and went kneeling up and down him. Cooper was a heavy man, and his weight crushed and hurt the victim's legs; but that was a trifle; as often as he kneeled on Alfred's chest, the crushed one's whole frame-work seemed giving way, and he could scarcely breathe. Cooper warmed to his work, and kneeled hard on Alfred's face. Then Cooper jumped knees downward on his face. Then Cooper drew back and jumped savagely on his chest. Then Alfred felt his last hour was come: he writhed aside, and Cooper missed him this time and overbalanced himself; the two faces came together for a moment, and Alfred, fighting for his life, caught Cooper with his teeth by the middle of the nose, and bit clean through the cartilage with a shrill snarl. Then Cooper shrieked, and writhed, and whirled his great arms like a wind-mill, punching at Alfred's head. Now man is an animal at bottom, and a wild animal at the very bottom. Alfred ground his teeth together in bull-dog silence till they quite met, and with his young strong neck and his despair shook that great hulking fellow as a terrier shakes a cat, still grinding his teeth together in bull-dog silence. The men struck him, shook him, in vain. At last they got hold of his throat and choked him, and so parted the furious creatures: but not before Mrs. Archbold and nurses Jane and Hannah had rushed into the room, drawn by Cooper's cries. The first thing the new-comers did was to scream in unison at the sight that met them. On the bed lay Alfred all but insensible, his linen and his pale face spotted with his persecutor's blood. Upon him kneeled the gory ruffian swearing oaths to set the hair on end.

"I'll stop your biting forever," said he, and raised a ponderous fist; and in one moment more Alfred would have been disfigured for life, but Brown caught Cooper's arm, and Mrs. Archbold said sharply to the nurses "Handcuffs!" and the three women pinned him simultaneously, and, taking him half by surprise, handcuffed him in a moment with a strength, sharpness, skill, and determination not to be found in women out of a mad-house—luckily for the newspaper husbands.

The other keepers looked astounded at this master-stroke; but, as no servant had ever affronted Mrs. Archbold without being dismissed directly, they took their cue and said, "We advised him, ma'am, but he would not listen to us."

"Cooper," said Mrs. Archbold as soon as she recovered her breath, "you are not fit for your place. To-morrow you go, or I go."

Cooper, cowed in a moment by the handcuffs, began to whine and say that it was all Alfred's fault. "Look at my nose."

But Mrs. Archbold was now carried away by two passions instead of one, and they were together too much for prudence; she took a handful of glossy locks out of her bosom and shook them in Cooper's face:

"You monster!" said she; "you should go, for *that*, if you were my own brother."

The two young nurses assented loudly, and turned and cackled at Cooper for cutting off such lovely hair.

He shrugged his shoulders at them, and said sulkily to Mrs. Archbold, "Oh, I didn't know. Of course, if you have fallen in love with him, my cake is burnt. 'Tisn't the first lunatic you have taken for your fancy man."

At this brutal speech, all the more intolerable for not being quite false, Mrs. Archbold turned ashy pale and looked round for a weapon to strike him dead; but found none so handy and so deadly as her tongue.

"It's not the first you have tried to MURDER," said she. "I know all about that death in Calton Retreat; you kept it dark before the coroner, but it is not too late, I'll open the world's eyes; I was only going to dismiss you, Sir: but you have insulted me. I'll hang you in reply."

Cooper turned very pale and was silent; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

But a feeble, unexpected voice issued from the bed and murmured cheerfully, though with some difficulty, a single word:

"Justice!"

At an expression so out of place they all started with surprise.

Alfred went on: "You are putting the saddle on the wrong horse. The fault lies with those villains Baker and Bailey. Cooper is only a servant, you know, and obeys orders."

"What business had the wretch to cut your hair off?" said Mrs. Archbold, turning on Alfred with flashing eyes. Her blood once up, she was ready to quarrel even with him for taking part against himself.

"Because he was ordered to put on a blister, and hair must come off before a blister can go on," replied Alfred, soberly.

"That is no excuse for him beating you and trying to break your front teeth."

She didn't mind so much about his side-ribs.

"No," replied Alfred. "But I hit him first. And then I bit him, like an Irish savage: look at the bloke's face! Dear Mrs. Archbold, you are my best friend in this horrid place, and you have beautiful eyes, and, talk of teeth, look at yours! but you haven't much sense of justice: forgive me for saying so. Put the proposition into signs; there's nothing like that for clearing away prejudice. B. and C. have a scrimmage: B. begins it, C. gets the worst of it; in comes A. and turns away C. Is that justice? It is me you ought to turn away; and I wish to Heaven you would: dear Mrs. Archbold, do pray turn me away, and keep the other blackguard."

At this extraordinary, and, if I may be allowed the expression, Alfredian speech, the men first stared, and then laughed; the women smiled, and then were nearer crying than laughing.

And so it was that justice handcuffed, strait-jacketed, blistered, and impartial, sent from its bed of torture a beam through Cooper's tough hide to his inner heart. He hung his head and stepped toward Alfred: "You're what I call a man," he said. "I don't care a curse whether I stay or go, after what she has said to me. But, come what may, you're a gentleman, and one as can put hisself in a poor man's place. Why, Sir, I wasn't always so rough; but I have been twenty years at it; and mad folk they'd wear the patience out of Jove, and the milk of human kindness out of saints and opossums. However, if I was to stay here all my life, instead of going to-morrow, I'd never lift hand to trouble you again, for you taking my part again yourself like that."

"I'll put that to the test," said Mrs. Archbold, sharply. "Stay—on your probation. Hannah!"

And Baby-face biceps at a look took off his handcuffs, which she had been prominent in putting on.

This extraordinary scene ended in the men being dismissed, and the women remaining and going to work after their kind.

"The bed is too short for one thing," said Hannah. "Look at his poor feet sticking out, and cold as a stone: just feel of them, Jane."

"No, no; murder!" cried Alfred; "that tickles."

Hannah ran for a chair, Jane for another pillow. Mrs. Archbold took off his handcuffs, and, passing her hand softly and caressingly over his head, lamented the loss of his poor hair. Among them they relieved him of his strait-jacket, set up his head, covered his feet, and he slept like a top for want of drastics and opiates, and in spite of some brilliant charges by the Liliputian cavalry.

After this the attendants never molested Alfred again; nor did the doctor: for Mrs. Archbold got his boluses, and sent them up to a famous analyzing chemist in London, and told him she had; and said, "I'll thank you not to prescribe at random for *that* patient any more." He took the lady's prescription, coming as it did in a voice quietly grim, and with a momentary but wicked glance shot from under her black brows.

Alfred was all the more miserable at his confinement: his melancholy deepened now there was no fighting to excite him. A handsome bright young face clouded with sadness is very pitiable, and I need not say that both the women who had fallen in love with him had their eyes, or at least the tails of their eyes, forever on his face. The result varied with the characters of the watchers. That young face, ever sad, made Mrs. Archbold sigh, and long to make him happy under her wing. How it wrought on the purer and more womanly Hannah will be revealed by the incident I have to relate. Alfred was sitting on a bench in the corridor, bowed down by grief, and the Archbold lurking in a room hard by, feasting her eyes on him through an aperture in the door caused by the inspection plate being under repair—when an erotic maniac was driven past. She had obtained access—with marvelous cunning—to the men's side; but was now coming back with a flea in her ear, and faster than she went; being handcuffed and propelled by Baby-face biceps. On passing the disconsolate Alfred the latter eyed him coyly, gave her stray sheep a coarse push—as one pushes a *thing*—and laid a timid hand, gentle as falling down, upon the rougher sex. Contrast sudden and funny.

"Don't be so sad, Sir," she murmured, cooing like the gentlest of doves. "I can't bear to see you look like that."

Alfred looked up, and met her full with his mournful, honest eyes. "Ah, Hannah, how can I be any thing but sad, imprisoned here, sane among the mad?"

"Well, and so am I, Sir: so is Mrs. Archbold herself."

"Ay, but you have not been entrapped, imprisoned, on your wedding-day. I can not even get a word sent to my Julia, my wife that ought to be. Only think of the affront they have made me put on her I love better, ten times better, than myself. Why, she must have been waiting for me humiliated perhaps by my absence. What will she think of me? The rogues will tell her a thousand lies: she is very high-spirited, Hannah, impetuous like myself, only so gentle and so good; oh, my angel; my angel; I shall lose you forever.

Hannah clasped her hands, with tears in her eyes: "No, no," she cried, "it is a burning shame to part true lovers like you and her. Hush! speak low. Brown told me you are as well as he is."

"God bless him for it, then."

"You have got money, they say: try it on with Brown."

"I will. Oh you darling. What is the matter?"

For Baby-face was beginning to whimper.

"Oh, nothing, Sir; only you are so glad to go; and we shall be sorry to part with you: but you won't care for that—oh, oh, oh!"

"What, do you think I shall forget you and your kindness? Never: I'll square accounts with friends and foes; not one shall be forgotten."

"Don't offer me any of your money," sobbed Hannah; "for I wouldn't touch it. Good-by," said she: "I sha'n't have as much as a kiss for it, I'll be bound: good-by," said she again, and never moved.

"Oh, won't you, though," cried Alfred, gayly. "What is that? and that? and that? Now, what on earth are you crying about? Dry your tears, you dear good-hearted girl: no, I'll dry them for you."

He took out a white handkerchief and mopped her cheeks gently for her, and gave her a parting kiss; but the Archbold's patience was exhausted; a door opened nearly opposite, and there she stood yellow with jealousy and sombre as night with her ebon brows. At sight of this lowering figure Hannah uttered a squawk, and fled with cheeks red as fire. Alfred, not aware of Mrs. Archbold's smouldering passion, and little dreaming that jealous anguish and rage stood incarnate before him, burst out laughing like a mischievous boy; on this she swept upon him, and took him by both shoulders, and awed him with her lowering brows close to his. "You ungrateful wretch," she said, violently, and panted.

His color rose. "Ungrateful? That I am not, madam. Why do you call me so?"

"You are; you are. What have I done to you that you run from me to the very servants? However, she shall be packed off this very night, and you to thank for it."

This was the way to wound the generous youth. "Now it is you that are ungenerous," he said. "What harm has the poor girl done? She had a virtuous movement, and pitied me for the heartless fraud I suffer by; that is all. Pray do you never pity me?"

"Was it this virtuous movement set her kissing you?" said the Archbold, clenching her teeth as if the word stung her, like the sight.

"She didn't, now," said Alfred; "it was I kissed her."

"And yet you pretend to love your Julia so truly?"

"This is no place for that sacred name, madam. But be sure I have no secrets from her, and kiss nobody she would not kiss herself."

"She must be a very accommodating young lady."

At this insult Alfred rose pale with anger, and was about to defy his monitor mortally; but the quick-witted woman saw and disarmed him; in one moment, before ever he could speak, she was a transformed creature, a penitent; she put her hands together supplicatingly, and murmured,

"I didn't mean it; I respect *her;* and your love for her: forgive me, Alfred: I am so unhappy, oh forgive me."

And behold she held his hand between her soft, burning palms, and her proud head sank languidly on his shoulder, and the inevitable tears ran gently.

Morals apart, it was glorious love-making.

"Bother the woman," thought Alfred.

"Promise me not to do it again," she murmured, "and the girl shall stay."

"Oh, Lord, yes, I promise; though I can't see what it matters to you."

"Not much, cruel boy, alas! But it matters to her. For—" She kissed Alfred's hand gently and rose to her feet and moved away, but at the second step turned her head sudden as a bird and finished her sentence—"if you kiss her before me, I shall kill her before you."

Here was a fresh complication! The men had left off blistering, torturing, and bullying him; but his guardian angels, the women, were turning up their sleeves to pull caps over him, and plenty of the random scratches would fall on him. If any thing could have made him pine more to be out of the horrid place this voluptuous prospect would. He hunted every where for Brown. But he was away the day with a patient. At night he lay awake for a long time, thinking how he should open the negotiation: he shrank from it. He felt a delicacy about bribing Beelzebub's servant to betray him.

As Hannah had originated the idea, he thought he might very well ask her to do the dirty work of bribing Brown, and he would pay her for it; only in money, not kisses. With this resolution he sank to sleep; and his spirit broke prison: he stood with Julia before the altar, and the priest made them one. Then the church and the company and daylight disappeared, and her own sweet low moving voice came thrilling: "My own, own, own," she murmured, "I love you ten times more for all you have endured for me;" and with this her sweet lips settled like the dew on his.

Impartial sleep flies at the steps of the scaffold and the gate of Elysium: so Alfred awoke at the above. But doubted whether he was quite awake; for two lips were fastened on his, like velvety leeches, and a heart beat furiously on his shoulder. He stirred directly, and somebody was gone like the wind, with a rustle of flying petticoats, and his door shut in a moment; it closed with a catch-lock; his dastardly assailant had opened it with her key, and left it open to make good her retreat if he should awake while she was stealing what she came after. Alfred sat up in bed indignant, and somewhat fluttered. "Confound her impudence," said he. But there was no help for it; he grinned and bore it, as he had the blisters, and boluses, etc., rolled the clothes round his shoulders, and off to the sleep of the just again. Not so the passionate hypocrite, who, maddened by a paroxysm of jealousy, had taken this cowardly advantage of a prisoner. She had sucked fresh poison from those honest lips, and filled her veins with molten fire. She tossed and turned the livelong night in a high fever of passion, nor were the cold chills wanting of shame and fear at what she had done.

In the morning, Alfred remembered this substantial vision, and determined to find out which of those two it was. "I shall know by her looks," said he; "she won't be able to meet my eye." Well, the first he saw was Mrs. Archbold. She met his eye full with a mild and pensive dignity. "Come, it is not you," thought Alfred. Presently he fell in with Hannah. She wore a serene, infantine face, the picture of unobtrusive modesty. Alfred was dumbfoundered. "It's not this one, either," said he. "But, then, it must. Confound her impudence for looking so modest." However, he did not speak to her; he was looking out for a face that interested him far more: the weather-beaten countenance of Giles Brown. He saw him once or twice, but could not get him alone till the afternoon. He invited him into his room: and when he got him there, lost no time. "Just look me in the face, Brown," said he, quietly. Brown looked him in the face.

"Now, Sir, am I mad or sane?"

Brown turned his head away. Alfred laughed. "No, no, none of your tricks, old fellow: look me in the face while you answer."

The man colored. "I can't look a gentleman like you in the face and tell him he is mad."

"I should think not. Well, now; what shall I give you to help me escape?"

"Hush! don't mention that, Sir; it's as much as my place is worth even to listen to you."

"Good! then I must give you as much as your place is worth. Please to calculate that, and name the figure."

"My place! I wouldn't lose it for a hundred pounds."

"Exactly. Then I'll give you a hundred guineas."

"And how am I to get my money, Sir?"

"The first time you are out, come to Albion Villa, in Barkington, and I'll have it all ready for you."

"And suppose you were to say, 'No: you didn't ought ever to have been confined?'"

"I must trouble you to look in my face again, Mr. Brown. Now, do you see treason, bad faith, avarice, ingratitude, rascality in it?"

"Not a grain of 'em," said Brown, with an accent of conviction. "Well, now, I'll tell you the truth; I can read a gent by this time: and I'm no more afeared for the money than if I had it in my hand. But ye see my stomach won't let me do it."

This was a sad disappointment: so sudden, too. "Your stomach?" said he, ruefully. "What do you mean?"

"Ay, my stomach. Wouldn't *your* stomach rise against serving a man that had done you the worst turn one man can do another—been and robbed you of your sweet-heart?"

Alfred stared with amazement.

Brown continued, and now with some emotion: "Hannah Blake and I were very good friends till you came, and I was thinking of asking her to name the day; but now she won't look at me. 'Don't come teasing me,' says she, 'I am meat for your master.' It's you that have turned the girl's head, Sir."

"Bother the women!" said Alfred, cordially. "Oh, what plagues they are! And how unjust *you* are, to spite me for the fault of another. Can I help the fools from spooning upon me?" He reflected a moment, then burst out: "Brown, you are a duffer—a regular duffer. What, don't you see your game is to get me out of the place? If you do, in forty-eight hours I shall be married to my Julia, and that dumpling-faced girl will be cured. But if you keep me here, by Gee, Sir, I'll make hot love to your Hannah, boiling hot, hotter than ever was—out of the isles of Greece. Oh! do help me out, and I'll give you the hundred pounds, and I'll give Hannah another hundred pounds, on condition she marries you; and, if she won't marry you, she sha'n't have a farthing, only a good hiding."

Brown was overpowered by his maniac's logic. "You have a head," said he; "there's my hand; I'll go in, if I die for it."

They now put their heads together over the means. Brown's plan was to wait, and wait, for an opportunity. Alfred's was to make one this very night.

"But how can I?" said Brown. "I sha'n't have the key of your room. I am not on watch in your part to-night."

"Borrow Hannah's."

"Hannah's? She has got no key of the male patients' rooms."

"Oh yes, she has; of mine, at all events."

"What makes you think that, Sir?" said Brown, suspiciously.

Alfred didn't know what to say: he could not tell him why he felt sure she had a key.

"Just go quietly and ask her for it," said he: "don't tell her I sent you, now."

Brown obeyed, and returned in half an hour with the key of the vacant bedroom, where the hobbles and chains were hidden on arrival of the justices.

"She tells me this is the only key she has of any room in this corridor. But dear heart," said Brown, "how quick-sighted the women are. She said, says she, 'if it is to bring sorrowful true lovers together again, Giles, or the like of that, I'll try and get the key you want off Mrs. Archbold's bunch, though I get the sack for it,' says she. 'I know she leaves them in the parlor at night,' says Hannah. She is a trump, you must allow."

Alfred colored up. He suspected he had been unjust.

"She is a good, kind, single-hearted girl," said he, "and neither of you shall find me ungrateful."

It was evident by the alacrity Brown now showed that he had got his orders from Hannah.

It was agreed that Alfred should lie down at night in his clothes, ready to seize the right moment; that Hannah should get the key, and watch the coast clear, and let him out into the corridor; and Brown get him down by a back stairs, and out on the lawn. There he would find a ladder close by the wall, and his own arms and legs must do the rest.

And now Alfred was a changed creature: his eye sparkled; he walked on air, and already sniffed the air of liberty.

After tea Brown brought in some newspapers, and made Alfred a signal, previously agreed on, that the ladder was under the east wall. He went to bed early, put on his tweed shooting-jacket and trowsers, and lay listening to the clock with beating heart.

At first feet passed to and fro from time to time. These became less frequent as the night wore on.

Presently a light foot passed, stopped at the door, and made a sharp scratch on it with some metal instrument.

It was the key. The time was not ripe to use it, but good Hannah had taken this way to let him know she had got it.

This little scratch outside his door, oh it made his heart leap and thrill. One great difficulty was overcome. He waited, and waited, but with glowing, hopeful heart; and at last a foot came swiftly, the key turned, and Hannah opened the door. She had a bull's-eye lantern.

"Take your shoes in your hand," she whispered, "and follow me."

He followed her. She led him in and out, to the door of the public room belonging to the second-class patients. Then she drew her whistle, and breathed very softly. Brown answered as softly from the other end. He was waiting at the opposite door.

"All right," said she; "the dangerous part is over." She put a key into the door, and said, very softly, "Good-by."

"God bless you, Hannah," said Alfred, with deep emotion. "God in heaven bless you for this."

"He will, he does," said the single-hearted girl, and put her other hand to her breast with a great gulp. She opened the door slowly. "Good-by, dear. I shall never see you again."

And so these two parted; for Hannah could not bear the sight of Giles at that moment. He was welcome to Alfred though, most welcome, and conducted him by devious ways to the kitchen, lantern in hand.

He opened the kitchen door softly, and saw two burley strangers seated at a table, eating with all their souls, and Mrs. Archbold standing before the fire, but looking toward him: for she had heard his footsteps ever so far off.

The men looked up, and saw Alfred. They rose to their feet, and said, "This will be the gentleman, madam?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold.

"Your servant, Sir," said the men, very civilly. "If you are ready, we are."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE devote pages 644 and 645 to illustrations of the siege of Charleston, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. We will let Mr. Davis tell the story of his pictures, as follows:

"GILMORE'S MUSEUM.

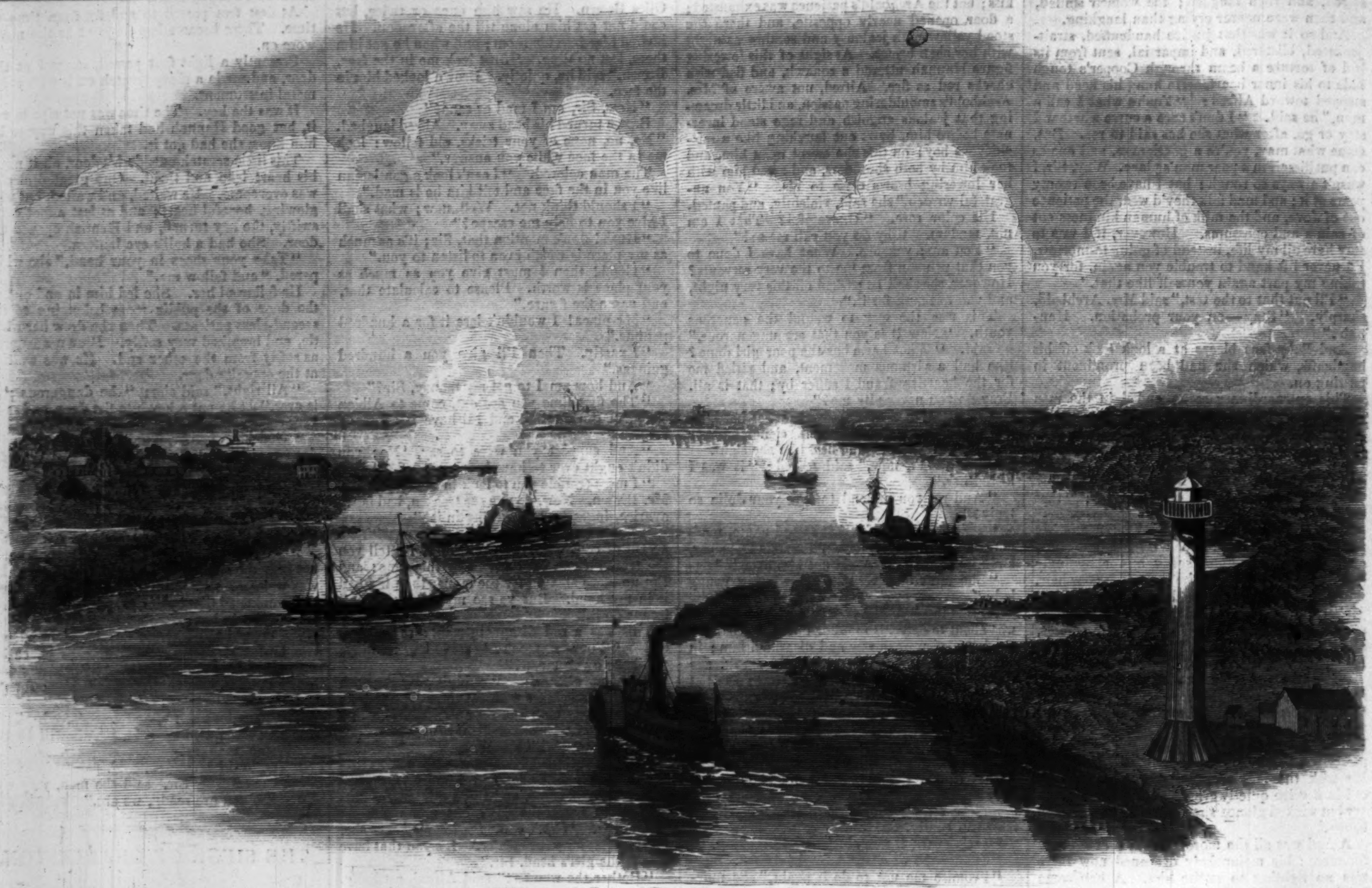
"This mass of shot, shell, torpedoes, hand-grenades, Greek fire, etc., piled near General Gilmore's tent, is daily subject to the curious inspection of the many persons who 'have a word with the General.' Seeing this, the many readers of the *Weekly* who might like a view of the pile occurred to my mind, and I gladly pay it this little visit with them. The large spherical shell is a 15-inch, fired by our Monitors and picked up in Wagner; there is the mortar shell; there the shot and shell for our big Parrotts and the Brooks projectile, grouped about with the hand-grenades and the little tin cylinders containing the Greek fire, about which we for some time joked its inventor, Levi Short, and which, ere this, the rebels have found to be no joke, and we a joke indeed; there are the torpedoes. Captain Gray, of the *M'Clellan*, brought home two of the latter, which were escorted from the steamer to his house by a crowd of the curious. Chatting lately with the King of Lightning Talk, Colonel E. S. Sanford, he gave the story of a telegraph operator who escaped from Richmond some ten days since. At the time of the Du Pont attack upon Charleston a telegraph operator was placed in charge of an electric battery that was arranged to explode a torpedo containing several thousand pounds of powder, with instructions to blow up the *Ironsides* should she near the spot. During the engagement the noble ship, in her manœuvring, seemed at one time directly over it, and the officers in charge ordered the explosion of the torpedo. The loyal operator could not by any means get the machine to work! Soon an order for the fire of every battery to concentrate upon the *Keokuk* was issued to be telegraphed; again the instruments would not work! These incidents occasioned so much distrust in the minds of the rebel leaders that the operator was soon after imprisoned. Being released a short time since and sent to Richmond to resume his occupation, he was soon after sent to Winchester, Virginia, to procure some instruments. The visit to Winchester afforded him the long-looked-for opportunity to escape to our lines, where he now is—a man who seems to have done as much for our cause as any single person in the country.

"OUR BLACK ISLAND BATTERIES.

"These and other batteries are soon to introduce themselves to the notice of the Charlestonians, and are unlike any batteries previously built. The range of the guns is over five miles. The construction of this work was under the charge of Colonel Serrell, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, the busy ones in the work being Captain M'Kenna and Lieutenants Parsons and Edwards. Captain M'Kenna is at this time hard at work, rendering Wagner a work of great strength, while Lieutenant Parsons is each night working away upon a battery of which I must not tell.

"THE COVERED WAY

Is a long trench with the dirt thrown toward the works of the enemy, and is used as a means of reaching exposed positions without endangering the lives of our men. The delectable scream of a coming shell is the signal for one to crowd and crouch under the covering bank. The shell bursts, the fragments fly into the marsh, and off we start again, in almost perfect security."

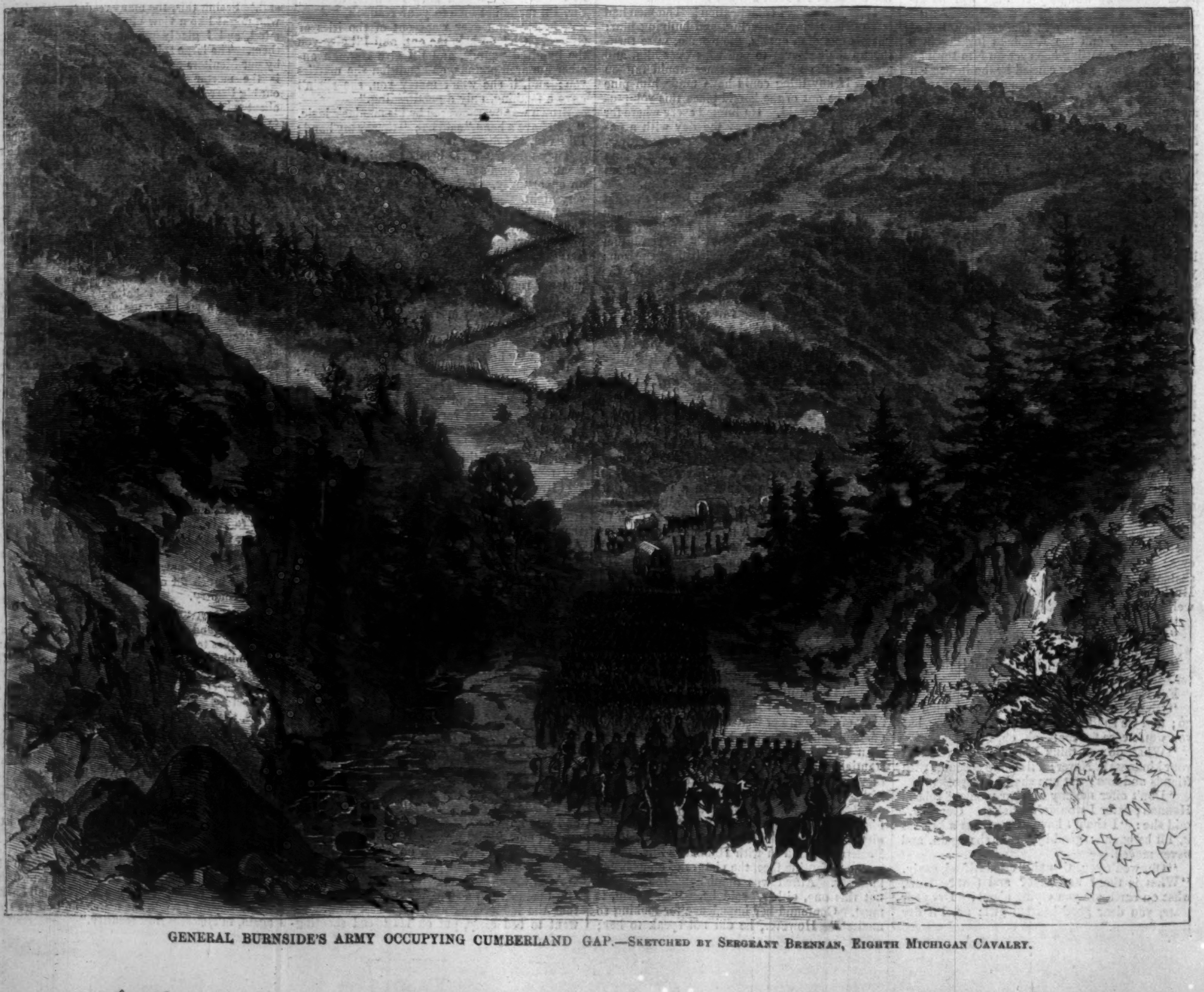


THE ATTACK ON SABINE PASS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.—Sketched by an Eye-witness.—[See Page 646.]

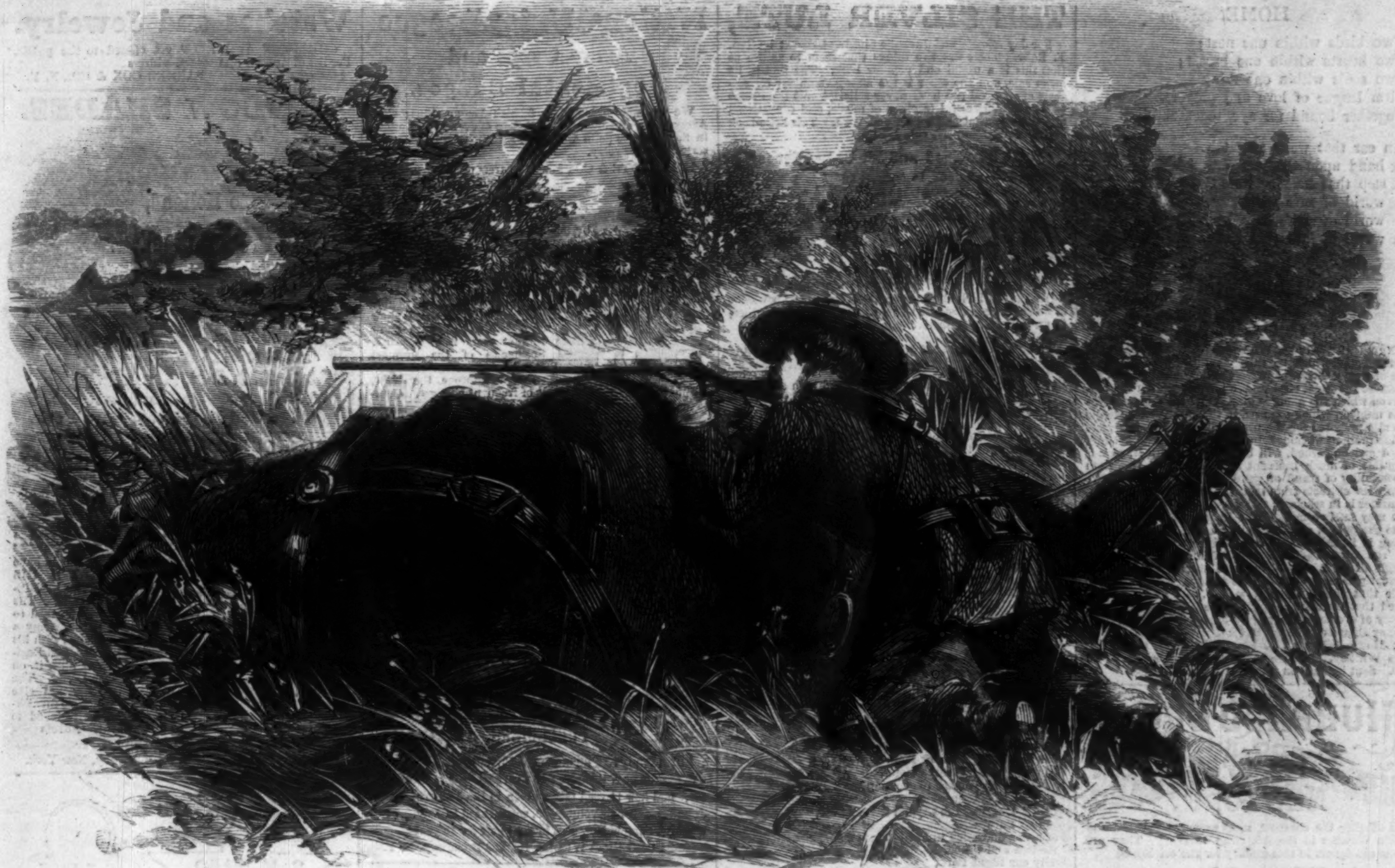
CUMBERLAND GAP.

We are indebted to the politeness of Sergeant Brennan, Company D, Eighth Michigan Cavalry, for the view of Cumberland Gap, which we publish on this page. The Gap is one of the famous places of the war. It has been occupied and re-occupied both by Federals and rebels, and has seen more than one surrender. Last month General Burnside moved against it, and compelled the rebel commander, General Frazier, to surrender unconditionally. The following tells the story:

Before leaving Kentucky General Burnside ordered Colonel De Courcy, with a brigade of infantry, to march upon Cumberland Gap by the direct route, through London and Barboursville. Learning on the 4th that the rebel force defending the Gap was strong, and likely to offer resist-

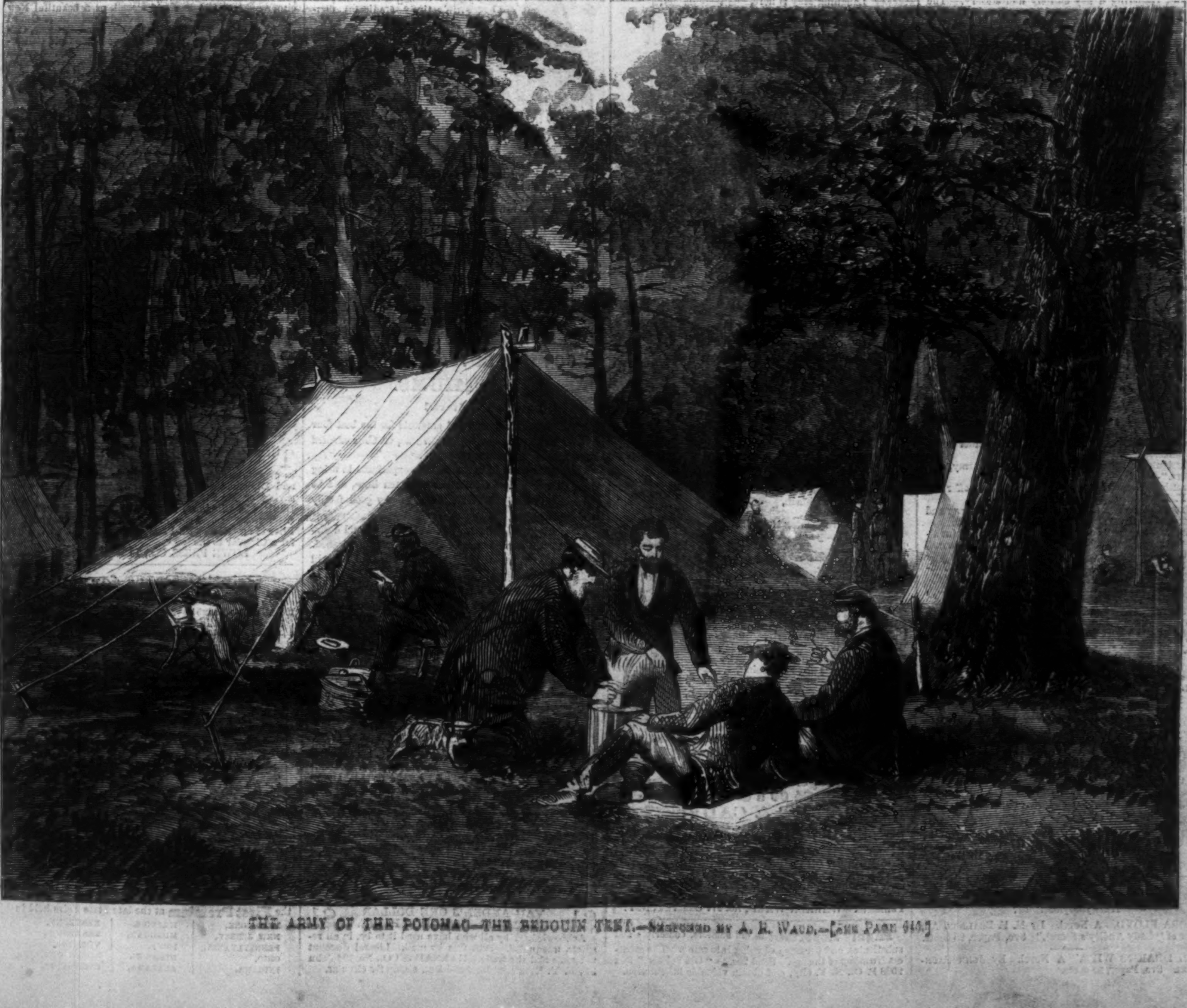


GENERAL BURNSIDE'S ARMY OCCUPYING CUMBERLAND GAP.—Sketched by Sergeant Brennan, Eighth Michigan Cavalry.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SHARP-SHOOTER IMPROVISING A REST FOR HIS RIFLE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 646.]

ance, he dispatched General Shackelford, with his brigade, on the 5th, from Knoxville, with instructions to seize all avenues of escape to the South. He followed himself, with another body of infantry and cavalry, on the 7th, and arrived within four miles of the Gap on the 9th, after a forced march of sixty miles. De Courcy and Shackelford had both made demands for surrender, which General Frazier declined. Upon his arrival, General Burnside renewed it, when the rebel commander offered to surrender upon condition that his officers and men were paroled. An unconditional surrender being insisted upon, he yielded. His force consisted of the Second North Carolina, First Virginia, First Georgia regiments, and several companies of artillery. The Georgia regiment was eight hundred strong, and was once before captured by General Burnside, at Roanoke Island. The prisoners are now on their way North. In explanation of the extraordinary isolation General Frazier was left in, rebel officers asserted that General Bragg had peremptorily ordered him to remain. On the night of the 7th two companies of our troops stole their way through the rebel pickets and burned a mill that had supplied the rebels with meal in the very sight of the enemy's camp. This neat performance helped much to hasten the surrender.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BEDOUIN TENT.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 646.]

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

A NEW GAME.—Judge Whitley, of Hoboken, has published a game, which he calls "Whitley's Pantological Game of Chevy Chase," and which is designed to instruct and amuse the social circle. We have seen both the diagrams on which the game is played and the tablets, fifty-two in number, which are used in the game. A juvenile set is also prepared for the use of children. It is replete with instructions without being tiresome. Old and young, learned and unlearned, will be delighted with it, as it is susceptible of much innocent amusement and free from the possibility of fraud or gambling. The diagrams are strewn with extracts from eminent writers, and the original matter is in scholarly taste.

We may safely commend the Judge's ingenious invention to the public, and especially all families where card-playing is interdicted. The descriptive part, beginning with the mythological heroes of antiquity, descends through all periods, touching with brevity and clearness the great personages of different epochs. The game is so simple that children can play at it, and yet may be so learned that the man of study will seek it to refresh his memory of events.—*New York Post.*

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For day schools, and Juvenile Singing Classes; by GEO. F. ROOT. There are two things that seem to assure us that this is a useful and popular book. The first is, its large sale, and the other is the strong voluntary expressions of approval (we have never solicited one) from some of the most successful teachers of music, and educational and other journals, both East and West. This little book contains

Two Hundred and Twenty Pieces!

Lessons, Songs, in one, two, three, and four parts, and a few Tunes, Hymns, and Chants, composed and arranged with reference to the pleasure and profit of both pupil and teacher, by one of the best teachers and singing school writers now living.

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Progressive Song Lessons,

by means of which all the things necessary to a knowledge of notation are introduced for practice, one after another, in an unusually attractive manner. The other is

Songs of Exercise, Trades and Occupations,

in which physical exercise may be united with singing.

The "SILVER LUTE" has been adopted as the musical text and recreation book for the public schools in several large places East and West; and we have just received an account published in the Winona (Minn.) *Daily Republican,* of the proceedings of the STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, of the 26th and 27th ult., from which we make the following extract:

"A committee appointed to consider what singing-book was best adapted to the wants of our schools, reported unanimously in favor of 'The Silver Lute,' published by Root & Cady, which was therefore recommended by the Convention."

We print here the names of LESS THAN HALF the pieces in the book:

After the Battle,
All's Well,
All Together Again,
As a band of Brothers joined,
A swarm of Bees,
A welcome to Little Nell,
Battle-cry of Freedom,
Beautiful Sea,
Be careful of your Money,
Catch the Sunshine,
Cheer, Boys, Cheer,
Clap, Clap, Hurrah,
Come follow where we go,
Come, John, keep time,
Come, let's sing a Merry Round,
Come sing the Sixteenth Notes,
Don't you see me coming?
Doors open wide,
Down by the Crystal River's Side,
Farewell,
For a Season Called to Part,
Freedom and Union,
Gaily our Light Bark,
Give me the Spade,
Go forth to your place,
Hark, 'tis the Fairies' song,
Happy New Year,
Have you seen my Lillie?
Here are we all to learn of Singing,
How the Merry Wind Blows,
I can, yes, we know you can,
If a body find a Lesson,
I have no Mother now,
I'm glad I am a Farmer,
Joyful sing, the Summer's Coming,
Laughing May is here,
Let others sing of Sunny Lands,
Lightly my Boat I Row,
Lightly we're Tripping along,
Little Rose,
Make your Mark,
March, March, March,
Music Everywhere,
No mortal eye that Land hath Seen,
Nellie Lost and Found,
Never Forget the Dear Ones,
Never Idle,
Never say Fail,
O, we are Volunteers,
One Sweet Flower has Drooped,
Once more before we Part,
On the Heather,
Out on the Prairie,
Out on the River,
O, wrap the Flag around me, Boys,
Parting Hymn,
Persevere,
Sailor on the Trackless Ocean,
Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
Shut the Door,
Some one Comes,
Song of Exercise,
Sounds of the Summer night,
Stand up for Uncle Sam,
Strive and Wait,
Take Good Care,
Teacher, may I be your Pupil,
Temperance Rallying Song,
The Auctioneer,
The Echo,
'Tis in the Quiet Village Home,
The fine old Yankee Gentleman,
The Gentleman (Lady) Workers,
The Happy Meeting,
To Arms,
The Mountain Horn,
To my Brother,
There's a Bright Glorious Dawning,
The Wayside Well,
The Song of the Bob-o'-link,
The Watchman,
The Skaters,
They're Coming Home To-day,
The Song of the Cooper,
The Pilot,
The Union,
The Vacant Chair,
The Song of the Minutes,
There's Music in the Air,
The Seasons,
The Star Spangled Banner,
The Land beyound the River,
Up in the Morning so Early,
Wait, Wait, Wait,
Wake! 'tis Freedom's call,
When the joyous day is dawning,
Would you know how the Farmer,
We have come from various places,
What does Little Birdie say,
What I love and hate, John Brown.

All who are getting up juvenile singing classes, in or out of day-schools, will do well to take a look at the "SILVER LUTE."

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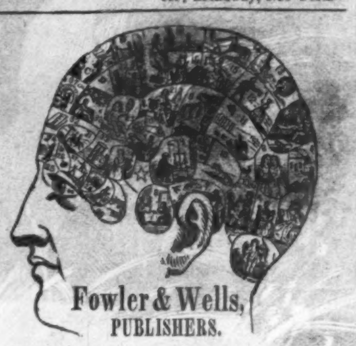

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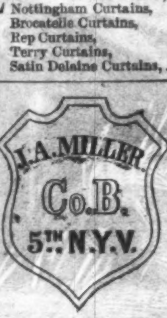

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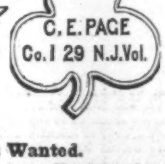

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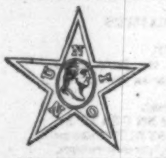

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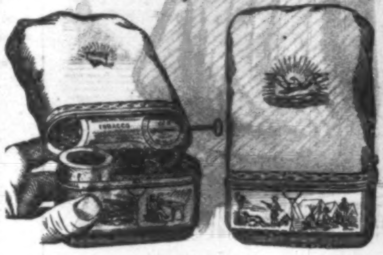

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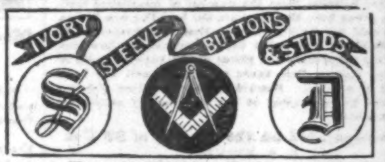

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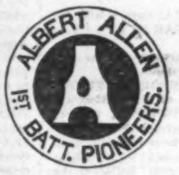

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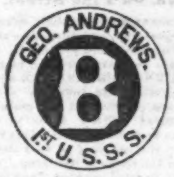

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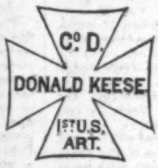

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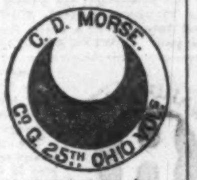

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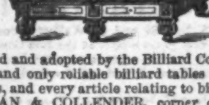

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